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CANADA REPORT

APRIL 1973

And Then There Were None

BY JON RUDDY

DOWN STUFFED and faded in a museum, the passenger pigeon is a beautiful bird. Alive it must have resembled only remotely the star-belly scowager that little old ladies feed, sometimes in the park. The pigeon we notice is adaptive to the gutter and active in Europe. The pigeon we destroyed was a North American forest species, long-tailed and graceful, with a slate-blue back and head and a reddish breast. The forest manacles were strong. The bird flew 60 miles an hour down-swing in flocks of, literally, billions in the Canadian hardwood wilderness, wintering in the southern States. The passenger pigeon fed on acorn and was good to eat — tastier than wild duck, they said. Some very old men may remember.

The big birds were easy to kill. A Marquette once claimed to have bagged 132 with a single shot. Bill Lowe, a professional pigeon hunter who died in 1907, wrote more than 1,000 wild-owl scraps of his net on the Toronto Islands. Dr. A. B. Wilford, of Woodstock, Ontario, shot 600 pigeons one April morning in 1870 and ran out of ammunition. Then, he wrote, "I hid myself behind a fence and taking a long slender cedar rail knocked down many more as they came over." The term "bird-pistol" derives from the practice of tying a snare bird, sometimes with its eyes sewn shut, to a stick over a net.



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hunted also with grain. Professional poachers converged on nesting colonies where the killing was easiest. Hapless seabirds starved in their nests by the million. You could buy a dove pigeon for less than a dollar at any market in Canada. Our forebears ate the breast meat and used the blue wings and feathers to fill porpoises in ponds.

Between 1850 and 1880 the billions became millions, the millions thousands. Tentative sightings by naturalists were ignored; the assumption was always that the flocks were somewhere else where the nut crop was better. In Canada the birds vanished first from the Maritimes. Dan Smith shot the last Manitoba gull at Lake Winnipeg in 1881. That same year 20 birds gathered near Kingston, Ont., in what was the last sophisticated sighting on the continent. In 1900 five were seen on Toronto's Centre Island. Pacifica Coast birds made the last recorded sighting of a wild passenger pigeon, near St. Vincent, Quebec, September 21, 1907. He shot it.

The species could not adapt to captivity. A caged flock in the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens had died by 1908 to a single infected pair. Both birds were 24 years old. They mated but their egg did not hatch. Now ornithologists offered thousands of dollars for a live wild bird. There were none. The male died, the female, Martha, survived. At 1 p.m. on September 1, 1914, in a cage in a room in a zoo, surrounded by scientists weeping with frustration, Martha died. The passenger pigeon was extinct.



Extinction is the cruellest word, for it denies the immortality of succession. Whether you believe the scientist, who says our progenitors were themselves a part of the animal kingdom, or the Author of the Book of Genesis, Who on the sixth day gave us dominion over every living thing, man has become the keeper of all other species. It is a responsibility we have consistently ignored. — Duffin Rapley, secretary of the Saskatchewan Institution, believes that in 25 years almost all wild animals — three quarters of the species living today — will be extinct.

What kind of a world would that be? Superficially, not very different from today's. The death of the 54 surviving whooping cranes would leave no one the power and who among us has ever seen a timber wolf in the wild? But in a larger sense the death of the animals would mark the death of a good world in which their freedom was possible. It would end the animal's role of reminding man where he came from — though it would point up, obviously, where he was going. Our descendants would find some of the past a puzzle. Blaise's eyes burning bright would be inconceivable to a man looking at a picture in an old book. And the sky fox, he would think, was not very shy at all.

On the following pages, eight Canadian species that may soon be, like the passenger pigeon, extinct

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CANADA REPORT



THE TIMBER WOLF

Since 1880, middle of the last century at least, new Canadian species have vanished forever, most of them pushed down by hunters as food or venison. Apart from the passenger pigeon these included the plains grizzly, sea otter, Oregon trout, Eastern weasel, Newfoundland wolf, leather hen, great auk and Labrador duck. But the most concerted effort to wipe out a "pest" have been reserved for one species that has so far escaped — with incredible fortitude and cunning — to survive. Canis lupus, the timber wolf.

The ingrained and irrational fear of wolves born in the minds of European folklorists and the genuine terror of the forest, was rendered on this continent when packs threatened the homestead of early settlers. Not the settlers themselves — according to Dr. Douglas Paulsen, an authority in the University of Toronto's zoology department, unprovoked wolves pose no threat to human life. The wolf is, moreover, a useful predator that thins out the deer herds and the slaughter of caribou despite slowly changing situations. Ontario, Quebec and the Northwest Territories still prey wolf. So does Ontario, which is unique in the world in its still sizable wolf population — probably about 10,000, most of them around the Algonquin Park and Papineau Island areas — has paid not more than one million dollars in bounties in the past century alone. During the past two decades the beauty system disappeared in the western provinces, only



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THE COUGAR

This cat, 200 pounds of heavy transformer, appears to be making a last stand in the far west, delicate to the end. Slaughtered by the advancing settlers in western, the big, downy-haired now attracts trophy hunters, some of whom pay guides to release captured animals at predetermined sites. Snowshoes, small planes and helicopters have been used to snipe harts — an improvement on the old strategy of tracing the cats with a pack of dogs.

The cougar has long been banished from most of Canada. Ironically, however, there is a recent documentation that its eastern range — once common in the land mass from Florida to the Laurentians — survives in New Brunswick and elsewhere after having been assumed extinct as early as the 1860s.

The first clue was a set of tracks spotted in 1940 in the hills along the Bay of Fundy. Dr Bruce S. Wright, director of the University of New Brunswick's Northeastern Wildlife Station, made a personal sighting in 1967 and

has collected more than 300 accounts of other sightings of cougars as far north as Gaspé and as far east as Cape Breton Island. The best estimates are that there are no more than 100 surviving eastern cougars, of which about 25 have found shelter from their only natural enemy in the deep woods of New Brunswick. □



THE WALRUS

THE TROUBLE WITH the walrus — apart from the value to men of its hide, tusks, fat and flesh — is that its vagina is pain, its sense of hearing and smell are not particularly acute, and it likes to rest on the shore after diving for small marine life in the Arctic sea shallows. All of which makes the walrus extraordinarily easy to approach, with a net or rifle. How international game hands in a single expedition.

Of the enormous (up to 3,300 pounds) bottle-shaped seal, once ranging far south as the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but has long since been pushed back into the Arctic, where half a million remain, have dwindled to about 25,000. In

the eastern Arctic — where Atlantic ice is the more rapidly disappearing — 2,000 of the animals are taken each year. Nobody knows how many are left. The small walrus herds now comprise dozens, rather than thousands. □



MAN



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VIEWS

- ☐ A housewife should be paid for raising a child —even if it is her own!
- ☐ Is democracy one day in every 1,461 enough?
- ☐ Your views on War Measures and Good News



BY EDWARD CARRIGAN

We pay teachers, we pay foster parents, logically we should pay housewives, too

THE MOST INTELLIGENT, revised, and captured segment of the Canadian labor force, and of the Canadian social structure, consists of those women devoting their lives to the care of their own children. No segment of the labor force must endure longer hours and working conditions that virtually ignore their special needs, yet—and this is the ultimate degradation in a society that has entrusted money to the God of devaluation of worth—receive so little that the current level of family allowances as reimbursement for their efforts. Blands are wrong in professional labor strikes over the idea of a wage freeze, but if our family allowance payments had increased in proportion to the growth of the Gross National Product and the increase in per capita incomes, they would now amount to more than \$30 a month for

Edward Carrigan is a 34-year-old teacher for who works for a children's magazine here in Toronto. His letters and articles appear regularly in numerous Canadian publications.

each child instead of six dollars.

Women with children under their care make up more than a quarter of the national labor force, and officials with the Department of Labor in Ottawa have estimated that the value of the work they perform in the course of their duties is almost \$40 billion a year. Their work requires unparalleled reserves of mental chemistry, physical stamina, and a range of skills.

Women with children under their care must face open advertisements for social accommodation, reading, "Adult holidays" and "No children." Is it possible to imagine the horror among liberals if advertisements read "Wages halved," "No Niggers?" Yet children and the parents make up half the population of our urban regions, whereas Niggers are a minuscule minority. In truth, women whose job is the care of their own young represent the most advanced form of production, rendering irreplaceable services to the community and expected to retreat on our current family allowances. They bask in large in the public imagination and receive no little consideration in the industrial workers of England at the time of the Industrial Revolution.

Logically, women should be paid in much for tending their own young as they are honored as they are for tending other people's children in day nurseries. The average child of today will earn over \$500,000 in his or her working career, and many children will earn several times that figure. Thus a woman with four children under her care is responsible for future national wealth on the order of two million dollars and possibly five million or five million. If such a woman earned such great responsibility in any other area of the country they would be well compensated for their efforts and given the best of treatment. That element of the labor force consisting of women caring for their own children should be placed on the public payroll through the creation of an adequate program of family allowances—the housewife's salary.

What would be adequate? In Ontario foster parents are paid from \$69 a month for a child of age to \$184 a month for a child 13 years or more. They fully deserve that consideration, but it is discrimination against parents not to extend this payment to them as well. The Royal Commission on the Status of Women recommended that the national government pay an annual salary of \$500 to women for each child 16 and under. This can be taken as the minimum interim goal. Women with children under their care are expected as a matter of course to hold down two jobs. They are asked to work for 40 hours a week in factory or office, and then to come home and spend the rest of the week caring for their children. Yet the care of the young is a full-time job of unacknowledged value to the community. Those engaged in it should receive an adequate salary from the nation in whose service they labor.

This nation pays its 340,000 teachers quite handsome salaries for tending the children seven hours a day, five days a week, eight months of the year, and it is only just that those who care for children 24 hours a day, 365 days of the year should be paid for their work.

The living costs of children should be publicly financed. Sweden chose day nurseries. But after 50 years of effort, it has placed for only 35,000 children and the costs have escalated to \$2,000 a year for each child. A law that is quite outrageous for the 7.3 million children of this nation. Day-nurries tend for two decades to accommodate as children in such institutions, but rarely can they be allowed payments in \$48 a month for each child under or under, desiring that this was much cheaper than trying to look after them in day nurseries.

Our children cannot earn their own incomes and it is only right that those incomes should be provided by the nation as a whole. We greet old age pensions to older people on the reasonable grounds that they have built the nation and deserve compensation for their efforts, so we should publicly finance the living costs of the young in recognition for their future services to the nation. We should establish a housewife's salary. □

continued on page 14



BY GEORGE WOODCOCK

How can we make democracy work between elections? Like this...

POLITICS HAS ALWAYS BEEN, if not a dirty word, at least a grubby one, more respectable than the low-lever Anglo-Saxons but only slightly so.

Politicians call politics a game, and the game reason for this is the nature of the game: politicians and their activities, which at times affects even the most docile conformer, is the sense that, like death, politics is something about which the ordinary man can do very little.

And the truth is that, in any of the ways in which it is operated in the major countries of the world today, politics does equal frustration. Under a dictatorship it is complete and open; the citizen has no say in politics that affect his life, but at least he knows it. Under a democracy his situation is most ambiguous and the frustration is of a different kind. But it exists and is the cause of a great deal of the unrest that troubles so many countries today.

Consider the average Canadian citizen: the man without wealth or political influence or power through the media. That average citizen, if he has lived as long as the present century,

George Woodcock is editor of the University of British Columbia quarterly *Canadian Literature* and the author of many books of biography and criticism. His most recent work is *The Hudson's Bay Company*.

will have been regarded as politically competent for 30 years. In those 30 years, he will have been allowed to exercise his political competence for only an exactly 15 days, the days of the election year 1921.

During the periods between elections—an average will over three years—the citizen has no effective means of influencing the actions of the government he has elected and is the victim of being able to meet the promises on which he voted are carried out. If he becomes dissatisfied and wishes his choice a year after an election, he is virtually disenfranchised until the next time of voting comes along. And there are the other forms of disenfranchisement. One exists where there is a gerrymandering of constituency boundaries, such as that in Quebec that resulted in the Parti Québécois receiving roughly a third of the seats to which their popular vote appeared to entitle them. Another exists where a region or a minority believes that its local or special interests are ignored because of the indifference or hostility of a government not dependent on its votes.

In an age of rapid social change, the inflexibility of such a system is one of the reasons why surging groups can feel justified in their frustration in taking the law into their own hands and can even resort to a release of popular sympathy for violence. One way to deal with the problem is that of the elections to elect change and only so would a systemically could law and order. The other is to change the system so as to provide the necessary safety valves. The most important of those safety valves, apart from the secretaries' removal of regulations from the pattern of representation (both all-party commissions to put an end everywhere to gerrymandering and similar practices, is to give ordinary people a reason to feel that they have a continuing influence on the political process. One that feeling exists the appeal of violent groups outside their own tiny circles will dwindle, and many nations are potentially dangerous will be defused.

How is it to be done? We can learn lessons from Switzerland: the oldest federal democracy in the world. Each of the Swiss cantons or provinces has its own constitution, and in the latter versions of centuries Switzerland there are many experiments in direct democracy that are still in good working order. In Aggenstein, for instance, no plebiscite is valid so to delegate his legislative powers to a political repre-

sentative for 700 years the voters have come down from their mountain to the great folk meetings in the square of the capital and there all the proposed laws are voted on directly by the people.

There are good population reasons why this method would no longer be practical in Canada, but popular gatherings on a local level could be used effectively in the early stages of law, other devices used freely in Switzerland and occasionally in other countries. One is the referendum (used already in Canadian municipal politics) by which a vital or controversial law is referred to a vote of the people that is binding on their representatives. It is the kind of procedure that could and should be used on such issues as taxation reform. The other is the "initiative," by which a substantial minority can make a proposal for a law and insist that it be put in the general vote. The referendum and initiative system, linked to local general meetings in every centre of population, might be made even more flexible by providing for local referendums and initiatives on issues of federal policy that affect only one region or only one group of the population, in the hope that people should themselves make the decisions that affect their locally self-governing professional groups such as doctors and lawyers already do this, and there is no reason why a great deal more self-regulatory procedures of this kind should not replace some in Canada.

It is true that the referendum and initiative were both tried in the United States at various times and largely failed from lack of interest. But times are different now with the development of the mass media and especially of television. Used now, indeed, the effect of television has been to sustain the negative reactions to political frustration by giving them emotional publicity. But there is no reason why, used with responsibility and without sensationalism it should not foster a real, continuing interest in social and political affairs that would make possible a great deal more direct participation in regulating our lives than we now enjoy.

It might be that to the end the people would not vote very differently from parliament. But they would have an immediate way an idea to vote that directly against them. And when they found that they had the chance to influence their collective existence on more than 15 days in a lifetime, politicians might come to be synonymous with frustration. It might even become a cliché word. □

continued on page 26

Break out the frosty bottle



and keep your tonics dry!

Why the fuss about Pauline, Gerald, Henri and Michel?

I am bewildered by Ron Bennett's and Audrey Giddens' article, *Was Attorney Pauline And Gerald And Henri And Michel And The Night Canada Threw Them In Jail (February)*. The last article does contain some really very disturbing thought claims in boldface, as well as its content between the establishment, teachers and Galt's grace but in fact the victims were treated with courtesy from anyone was the story of the plot. The article had there wasn't one, while putting a gross picture of a bourgeois business, its divided and frightened cabinet, and Ryan, a powerful and ambitious lobbyist busy sounding out support for his idea.

AUDREY GIDDENS, WHITE ROCK, BC

As I have lived in Quebec for 15 years, working as a general practitioner. About 15% of my clientele is French-speaking and they are grateful, as I am for a government that had the backbone to stand up against men who would have developed all law and order.

ANTHONY C. BELL, MONTREAL, QUE

As while I find the *War Measures Act* in itself distasteful, an article on the plight of Pauline Johnson is far less important than one on the Laporte family or the Cross family or, in fact, all the families of those who have the unpleasant duty of enforcing law and order in today's society.

ETHEL J. HILLMAN, CALGARY

Snowbusiness

Contrary to Owen Egan's article, *How To Choose The Best From A Bittered Or Battered* (February), there is a more machine with the gas tank at the rear. It is called the Ski-War and is manufactured by Murray-Perkins. MOUNTAIN MOUNTAIN CO. LTD., THUNDER BAY, ONT.

Good News is where you find it

How does the news that Dr. Wood of Vancouver earned \$95,011 from the British Columbia medical system plus flat services rendered in the fiscal year ending March 31, 1976, make your mail on foot better, *Good News* 36 *News* For February (February)?

G.L. FLETCHER, MO, STONOROCK, ONT.

As I doubt the judgment of a Canada Council that was fit to award a \$6,906

grant for research pertinent to Canadian history (the symbolism of the American Indian has been), Bill Ryan, MONTREAL, QUEBEC, BC

As if my good news item all in one way some at once I'm starting to feel better already.

I J. HILLMAN, CALGARY

Vancouver the good

Why call upon the wise men of Utopian vision to remedy the Vancouver "crisis"? By Sir Gary Vancouver. Don't let me say it! What about the ideas of those who love Vancouver? After reading *Mountain Gardens* for inspiration, I

wonder whether or not this is just an exercise in obscurity. "Cut back the industrial sprawl," said "but the city" are badly needed, despite the ambiguity of Vancouver's "Neighbourly" (February) as a functional description of the workings of those who cannot afford a quiet cottage. The idea can have spoken with words and symbols. Now, what about houses?

OSCAR HOGAN, VICTORIA

As Vancouver, keep your traffic cars and the traffic of cars that go with it. You're fortunate to have such a great traffic system. These vehicles, being electric, create absolutely no pollution. If the traffic of cars offend, look away. But there's no coming away from the noise and odor of diesel buses.

ANTHONY PELLER, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

AISLIN'S PERSPECTIVE: David Lewis



A nightcap for remorseful boozers

M. L. Charbonneau tells about the absorption of alcohol by the body, *How To Join The Drunken Party In Drinking* (January). While he offers suggestions to control the rate and nature of intake and absorption, he admits that this is alcohol is in the system nothing can speed up its processing by the liver. However, at the recent international symposium on the clinical and metabolic aspects of alcoholism (Toronto), it was pointed out that ethanol is the only drug at the time speed the removal of alcohol from the blood through the liver. Hence, it is one of the cheapest and most readily available sources of ethanol. Boozers would be better to switch to a few spoonfuls of honey for a nightcap.

WILLIAMS JACOB, CALGARY

All about us

I was impressed with your January issue. In particular I enjoyed Aislin's cartoon of Trudeau in Captain Canada.

LEONARD A. BOWEN, TANGHERA, MAN.

As I think the pre-Canadian view of sports is that you are taking in really good during a leap at it.

WILFRED P. GILBERT, WATERLOO, ONT.

What price preservation?

James Flack's article, *How does Old Jasper Park Is Remains And Gristle Into The Service* (January), presents a very distorted view of the park. I take exception to his sensational attack on the park staff. These employees are trying to preserve a small portion of Canada's natural heritage so that those who come after Flack will have the same opportunity to enjoy nature. If the price of preservation is some accommodation, it is not worth paying.

A. MONTGOMERY, CALGARY

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Because remember, even though it says 411 on the back, it still says VW on the front.

VW 411

IT CAN'T COMPLAIN, as long as you remember that the last name in every case is the same — Lewis. David ran for Parliament in 1962, but co-Stephen managed the campaign, and he was. In 1964, Stephen launched his own political career, and wasn't available for David's reelection campaign which he lost. Stephen, however, was, getting into the Ontario legislature with the help of his younger brother, Michael. In 1965, David ran again. Stephen helped him again, and he went back to the House of Commons in 1967. Stephen was ready for reelection, Michael managed that effort, and it was successful. Then there was another federal election, in 1968. This time David asked Nina, Stephen and Michael's young sister, to help out. She did, and David was reelected. Last year, Stephen ran for the leadership of the Ontario NDP and James Nene's twin, flew in from Vancouver to play a major part in that victory. This month, David is trying for the federal leadership of the NDP, with Michael playing an unofficial but important organizing role. It looks like a pushover. In the meantime, Nina has decided to enter active politics and, while the first name of her campaign manager is not known, the surname is a clink. And don't bet against her.

The Lewises are, in a way, the Kennedys of Canada. They lack the millions, the publicity, the impeccable background, but they have the same characteristics, the same brilliance, the same passion for politics, the same sense of style, and the same unshakable self-assurance. (When I asked Michael what qualities set the Lewises apart, he replied: "They're bright, articulate, dynamic, eloquent, discreet, warm and sympathetic." Tough? "Yes, tough, too, definitely, but with a fair bit of sensitivity." He didn't mention shyness or self-effacement.) Like the Kennedys, the Lewises represent, in a single family, a major political force. David, 41, is almost certainly the next federal leader of the NDP. Stephen, 33, is as clearly the real opposition leader in Ontario that the Tory government will run the next provincial campaign as if the Liberals actually exist. Michael, 26, is director of organization for the Ontario NDP and one of the nation's most respected political managers. Nina, 23, is in England, where her husband is at university, and Janet, her only, is with her social worker husband in Vancouver, but both will soon be actively embarked on more. And, for the record, Stephen already has three children. "Everywhere you look," as Ontario Liberal complained, "there's another golden Lewis popping out of the woodwork."

Finally, like the Kennedys, the Lewises are made of what they are to a strong-minded and beautiful

David Lewis And Sophie...

BY WALTER STEWART



...And Michael And Stephen



woman. With the Kanados, it was Mrs. Joseph. With the Lewises, it's Mrs. David. Sophie Sophie of the school zone and the son will Sophie is the key to it all.

Sophie and David met in 1925 at Burnaby High School in Montreal. She was in grade 11, pretty, witty and popular. He was in grade nine, an immigrant boy whose English, Sophie remembered, was "a little too perfect." There was a reason for that. David came from the small town of Swidloch, in Poland. He was born in 1909 to Morris Lew, a leatherworker and socialist leader, and his first memories are of political discussions in the family parlor, but most of his homeland being overrun first by the Germans, then by the Russians, during and after World War I. There was no chance to educate David, his brother or sister so, in 1921, Morris Lew moved the family to Montreal, where his brother-in-law owned a small clothing business. He changed the family name to Lewis, and sent David off to school. He was 12, in grade one, bewildered by a new language, humiliated at being placed in a class with children half his age. He begged his father to take him out of school, but Poppy, with traditional Jewish reverence for learning, would not. There was nothing for it but to master English. David went to a second-hand bookstore, where he bought the biggest volume he could find — Charles Dickens' *The OM Dictionary*. With that, a Yiddish-English dictionary, and a clutch of black notebooks, he set out to master a new language. For a year, he scrounged left home except to go to school, with meals ordered today in the perfect periods of his prose. He still speaks Dickens.

Sophie was not particularly attracted to the dark, round-spoken, quick-witted boy when he attended high school three years later. "I could see he was interested in me, but I wasn't interested in him." That changed after David caught up to Sophie in school. "I was not going to have her ahead of me, so I went to the principal and he let me accelerate." After finishing high school in three years, David entered McGill, but Sophie, who had lost both parents, did not go on to university. Then David met a Rhodes scholar, and Sophie, who had become almost a member of the Lewis family — she still cannot speak of Poppy, who died more than 20 years ago, without tears — went to England with him, to work, attend lectures at the London School of Economics, and travel during holidays. While David was plugging up academics and extramural hobbies — he was the first Canadian to head the Oxford Union — Sophie set a record of her own. She was the first female of a Rhodes scholar ever invited to live in Rhodes

House. "Carol Rhodes would not have approved, but I was anyway."

David had been politically active in Montreal, and in England he was taken up by the Socialist Group and other Labor Party leaders. He might have remained there, might have become a member of the next Labor government, but he was, by then, too much of a Canadian for that. We come home.

Sophie and David were married in 1935, soon after their return from England. David had studied law at Oxford, but only in preparation for politics, so, after a brief career in a patent attorney, he became, in 1937, national secretary of the CCP.

He held the post for 15 years, years of struggle, excitement, triumph and loneliness for Sophie. It was the who had to make David a pitiful salary — \$180 a month to start, \$325 a month in 1950 — stretch from payday to payday, and it was the who had to borrow from friends and neighbors when the money was out. Sophie used to pack bundles of sandwiches for David to take on the train, so he could save on meals. She never knew, when he left, exactly when he was going to return, but he would be back. He couldn't afford to telephone, and was usually too harassed to write. Not surprisingly, Sophie was sometimes bitter about politics. "She was always reminding us," says a long-time friend, "of the sacrifices David made for the party. Well, they were not sacrifices, but we didn't like being reminded of them." Nor is it surprising that Sophie became the dominant influence in the family. "David was important," says Michael, "but Mary was the hub. She had four children, all of them by Canadian women, all after difficult pregnancies that required her to be still for weeks at a time and presented financial difficulties, in a pre-blockade world, that seemed crushing. I wanted those children and I fought to have them, but when I discovered I was going to have twins, I wept bitter tears. Where was the money to come from?" When?

David was only partially involved with the money worries — "Sophie was always the manager in our partnership" — he was more bound up in the difficult task of making the CCF into a powerful force. That he succeeded is a matter of history (Professor Walter Young, in his history of the CCF, notes, "It is not an exaggeration to say that without David's party might have subsided into nothingness altogether during the dark days after 1945, if not before"). How he succeeded is less well known. He budgeted and haggled and wheedled, he persuaded cowards who had no taste for politics to run in elections where they had no chance of winning and to pay for the privilege. He was

And Janet And Nina And...



agitated, money starved, spokesman, throat and stomach, doctor. He led the fight against Communism infiltrating the Ontario CCF and worked with endless patience to build the link with organized labor that led, eventually, to the formation of the New Democratic Party as a joint venture of the CCF and the Canadian Labor Congress.

For years the CCF watchword was

"Better dead at with David." His identification of himself with the party was complete. Once, during a Regina meeting of the national council, of which he was chairman, a CBC film crew arrived to interview David. He jumped up from the council table and told down his gravel. "Tells about something unsuspicious while I'm gone," he interrupted the meeting, talk about the Marxists.

His critical faculties, as evident in the House of Commons, were often turned on his colleagues. Once, when the Ontario provincial council was debating a complex, accounting-related measure, David launched a devastating analysis of the committee report on which it was based. At the end, a council member said, "Very well, David, we'll scrap the project. We do want to do something to make it work, in a practical, a rational way."

David often follows a phrase such as, "If I can only say so without apology" with something like "Anyone who's attended any government convention it was his life or mine — David Lewis." But on one occasion, his self-assessment faltered. That was in 1961, when the NDP was being formed, and a leader had to be found. Mary CCFPers thought David was the ideal choice, but at first he was inclined to refuse. But there was the matter of his Jewishness: Would Canadians accept a Jew? David thought not, at least not yet, so he declined to run (Stephen says this was not the real reason. After so many years of naming the party from behind the scenes, he says, David couldn't stand himself to accepting the title "The Jewish thing was a rationalization").

The party turned instead to Saskatchewan Premier Tommy Douglas and, when Douglas accepted, a celebration was held at the home of Andrew Brown, an MP for Toronto-Gerrard. David took up a corresponding position near the fireplace and told the story of the campaign of persuasion "I flew out to Regina and spoke to Tommy. Then I met with his cabinet, and his cabinet assistant told them they had to give Tommy up."

"Suddenly, I'm on the list," "For God's sake, David," he explained, "there were five of us out there! It was a conspiracy!" David didn't make a bit. "Yes, yes, of course. When I say 'I', I mean 'we'." Then I talked to members of the provincial council."

Once Douglas agreed to run, David worked hard — and, for once, successfully — to keep anyone from running against him. When Agnew, now a Liberal senator, entered the race, but not before a dramatic debate in the living room of a party supporter, where a number of the Ontario executive and David stood nose to nose, bellowing at each other while, in the background, the wife of a prominent party member checked laundry, over and over, "Blame Agnew, it's all Blame Agnew, it's all 'v-o-b'." A Liberal MP from England happened to be visiting, and was wisely appalled. "What's the matter?" someone asked him. "Don't you people have arguments? 'Quite so," he replied "quite so. But never like this."

One reason some still would have preferred David as leader was that, as one put it, "He was going to run the party anyway, so it was better to give him the title." David denies that he ever ran Douglas but his influence was certainly crucial. During the 1963 NDP convention in Regina, when the party was debating a motion to elect that Canada should stay within NATO, he took pains to make it a less emotive alliance, a left-wing faction mounted an amendment to take Canada out of NATO altogether, and it looked as if they might carry the day (Later, of course, the Liberals threatened an early election, and the NDP now supports complete withdrawal from NATO. *See cover*). Douglas refused to speak on the controversial resolution, and David had to lead the vote.

"Tommy says he has to talk sense to these people."

"David, it is not the leader's role to intervene on this kind of divisive issue."

This is precisely the leader's role, Tommy. If not, whose is it?"

Tommy spoke, and the original sin, often earned.

While David was cross-examining the motion, handing the party, Sophie was at home, raising his children. What the children became, from their fondness for music to their debating skill (Michael remembers rehearsing for a public-school debate, over and over, with his mother acting as audience, and judge) to their clumsiness, came from Sophie. Politics were often discussed at home, of course, and the children became socialists almost by osmosis, although the parents were careful to explain views other than their own. "One reason we all ended up in politics," says Michael, "is that a was never raised down our throat."

There was mutual disappointment. "Oh, David," Stephen would say, "stop being stupid." (David was "David" to Stephen, even as a boy, but Sophie was "Mum"). There still are disagreements. Stephen was for getting out of NATO long before his father came to that view, and openly attacked the federal NDP for not taking a more militant stand during the Nigerian civil war (on a brief occasion, even days before political disaster, Stephen had been to Biafra as a teacher, and played a prominent role in promoting relief for war victims) but the parents are on matters of aggression and saving soldiers on prisoner release. On the issue of democratic socialism, the Lewises are, as always, a close-knit family.

It was partly to be closer to his family that David left his paid post with the CCF in 1959, and took up a job in the NDP. It was only partly because of money. He was deeply in debt, and as a labor lawyer, often made in a day what he had ever made in a month. Politics remained his compelling passion, however, and he always held a high post in the party. After his divorce in 1962, he became deputy NDP House leader, to the chagrin of some sitting members. "He borrowed strength for power," grumbled one of them. But he was the obvious choice. As his recollections and new poem in the House of Commons. Despite the occasional sharpness of his tongue — he once remarked of the Prime Minister, "There but for the grace of Pierre Trudeau we go!" — his arguments are usually forthright, and concerned, and free of personal reproach. Charles Lynch of Southern News Services — no NDP fan — said how the speaker complement. "He is almost worth listening to."

For Stephen, he is the most credible socialist I know in the sense that one can quite easily create him as prime minister, handling the mess of office with assurance."

Stephen is not so readily sceptical. He is as engaging as David, as bright, as articulate, but somehow tougher. Sophie remarked, "People say Stephen is David, but Janet is David. Stephen is his mother." My mind flashed back to a CCF graduate party years ago when David and I were talking and Sophie came up. "It's time to go, David," she said. "Constantly, my dear," he replied, and went on talking. She took an arm. "I want to go now, dear." He looked at her intently for a moment, what, and walked off, leaving a broken sentence to the rest.

Stephen has that kind of quiet attractiveness in early 1960s, when he was, after all, just an Ontario MPP. He decided that Tommy Douglas should step down from the federal leadership. No one else seemed to think so — or worse, they thought it but wouldn't say it — so Stephen stepped on a plane for Vancouver and told Douglas "He took it very well." Stephen reports that he did not resign.

With Stephen, the Lewises see the rising pheromones, the dark good looks, the well-worn nose. We are all there, but they are unaltered by an imagination. David either looks or has learned to not let his friends catch the spark of idealism. His earnest eye fully that Stephen is an opportunist. And not all his intentions are outside the party. Donald MacDonald, Ontario leader for 17 years, was about to resign when Stephen stepped in and that alienated some of the party's right wing. Then Stephen clucked head on with the radical Waffle group on the left. When I asked Waffle leader Mel Williams how he outsider would sell a Waffle form an ordinary NDP member he replied, "You will

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ing out of his riding to apologetic speeches for other candidates. Stephen told him that if he didn't stay home, he was going to lose his stored home and wife.)

Michael, according to his father, is "the sweetest and gentlest" Lewis, but he does not seem the one destined to reach the highest office. Nor does David. He puts his problem as leader of the federal NDP with brutal candor: "I've been around too long. I'm not old — I'm five years younger than Timmy — but I've been around twice the lifetime." If the right candidate — say, Charles Taylor, the Montreal political scientist — had offered, David would not have run for the leadership, but he does not consider that his current rivals (political scientist John Hare, Waffle candidate James Laxton, MPs Ed Broadbent and Frank Howard) have the stature for the job.

So David will stay in the leadership and, as ever, on Stephen. Although the does not run much in the party, Stephen has strong political views and sees them, forcefully, as being. Many supporters, like it that old-fashioned phenomenon, her husband's inspiration. After 33 years of marriage, Stephen can still make David — super-sonic David — giggle like a schoolboy. The Lewises are openly affectionate — Yvonne MP Louise Alexander dubbed them The Honey-moores — but there's none so a thin that. Late at night, when David returns from a day of grueling tension, Stephen waits up for him in the kitchen of their remarkably large Ottawa home when he craves over his coffee and stews moodily away. Stephen patters him.

David, you're not taking. This isn't right."

"Tomorrow, sweetheart, tomorrow."

"Not tomorrow, David. That will for. You know I want to hear, and you need to get it out. Remember what the children say — wonder."

So David ventriloquizes. Out it comes, the worries, the hopes, the frustrations, the thousand projects that make up a politician's day. And he feels released.

Stephen accepts that he may never be prime minister, but believes that his influence on Canadian life, from the battle for old-age pensions to the debate on War Measures, equals him in one of the key figures of our time. "Peggy Lewis used to say that if you work alongside someone who is truly great, some of that greatness is bound to rub off on you. Well, I am still waiting for David's greatness to rub off on me."

Besides, for prime minister, there's always Stephen, or Michael, or Janet or Nina, or. □

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THE NEW JERSEY tourist was arguing with Mrs. Wallace O'Leary at Salvage. She told him she wanted to leave, to get away from New Brunswick and see a big city. "The idea isn't," the tourist told her. "Don't go. You'd be crazy to leave a place like Salvage."

That's how this town affects people. My wife had started prying real estate before we'd

even been there two hours.

Salvage is a town of 200 souls, a fairly slow, and an old one. It was well established in the early 18th century and was a respectable fishing port early in this century. Now things are quiet, despite the road that arrived after World War II. Before that, ships provided the only link to the outside, and despite the banding together of small towns, including Salvage, into the Eastport Peninsula area to promote tourism, run a cultural festival each summer, and even see community development. This banding together is a happy scheme when the lobster fishermen built their own lobster pool, for instance, they began to get 45 cents more per pound for their catch, but hopefully no drive to a men's scheme will ever interfere with the stark sharp beauty of Salvage, oldest of the Eastport communities, where, as poet mistress Mrs. H. A. Herdstock

noted, "it seems everybody that comes here is gone on the hills."

The best place to stay near Salvage is at Terra Nova Heron at Park on the Trans-Canada Highway. You will need a reservation; the park butler is a dandy, and deservedly so. They are cheap (\$12 a night for your own fully-equipped cabin), convenient (you can eat in the restaurant or do your own cooking), my wife and I cooked up with a feeling of crab legs — at 40 cents a pound — that we staggered sideways to bed and well cared for. From the park setting, you can range out along nature trails, go fishing, picnicking or visiting the nearby towns. If you're smart, though, after a visit to Eastport, the centre community, I believe you can try your hand at arts and crafts, swim at a beach, or crowded beach, even take in the theatre, featuring local talent, in the old schoolhouse you

will head for Salvage. There you'll find, besides the scenery good fishing, cheap boat trips, a small art gallery and an enchanting museum. Based in an old tavern, the museum is financed by the community, but noted by the people around the hand-lettered sign says, "It is strictly prohibited to be taking things out of its place as these things belong to other people" and run by Wilfred and Lila Heffernan, who live next door. They will be delighted to show you around, for free (you may, if you wish, donate to a donated table top).

The theme of the museum is the fishing life, for everywhere over the town lies the strand of the sea, the background pounding of the surf, the waves with spray. The sea dominates from the speech of the stars of Salvage. Here a Wilfred Heffernan: "I started fishing when I was 10, sir, and I never had off till I was 60, and that was fishing

Salvage under the shoulder of the hills on the rim of Funnerville Bay, her bright houses a barrier to the sea.

enough. There were 40 schools, all went out of here at one time, at 40, big ones and little ones that is, and you could walk across it bay on arm. I mind see him we walk up off Labrador and I was on the wheel, and it was dead calm, and I looked up and saw the wind coming. Saw it on the water, sir, and was a great storm. We saw a ship go by heading and she had nothing on the mast but bare poles. The Cape was down below and he came up and I said, 'Should we take down the sail?' She'll blow the top right off," and he says, "No, she won't," and I says, "If she does you she does me" and we come. We do sail and come into port. Everybody else hung outside. We was the only ones got in. She was a good schooner." We





A CBC REPORTER, covering the sinking of the oil tanker Arrow in Chedabucto Bay last year told his television audience that the location was probably a far better one, after all, he said there really wasn't much on the shore toward which the Arrow's towing Bunker C was drifting. That was a gross claim, for it really is the path of the Arrow's

hulds lay up. Madeline and the town of Arichat, one of the prettiest and most hospitable towns in all the Maritimes. The area has been cleaned up now — though some of the shore life still wears a black stain — and Arichat promises a shining face to visitors once again.

It's at two things, telling you this I want people to go to Arichat, because it has so much to offer. First, it's a beautiful view of the sea, quiet walks across lovely rugged terrain, superb fishing both in the ocean and in quiet inland lakes, a campground, a secluded black sand beach. Located fortunately in shelter from the Arrow mist. At the same time, if too many people go there, the place may become touristy, my public picnic table, picnicking, a lighthouse will be taken, other people will want to swim in my beach. Doug Shown, quiet, friendly, laid-back Madeline Motel will become crowded, and he'll be too busy to spend an evening talking. I bought this place, he says

"because every time I went to a picnic, there was the beer with his butt up, jiving away instead of doing any work." This area is usually bypassed by tourists crossing the Canso Causeway, the train or boat's drive away, they head straight for the Cabot Trail, and this is all right by me but sooner or later they are bound to discover Arichat.

The island was settled by Acadians who fled after the fall of Louisbourg in 1758 and named it for one of the titles of the Queen of France. Arichat, the principal town, was named by comparing the Indian word *arichat* — which means, split rock and describes a substantial percentage of the scenery. That was the last word the Indians got in, though soon the place was swarming with French fishermen, many from the Channel side of Jersey, occasionally crossed with Scots settlers from the rest of the province. In whose language was no barrier. French is still

the first language of most at the shabbiness of its Madeline, although nearly all are bilingual. (One fine old gentleman said he spoke French and could read some of it, but couldn't write it. "Not just a shameful thing," he said.) The impressive bar can still detect brushed-off Scots in some of the local pronouncements, "petit" for instance, comes out "petty."

Fishers and photographers love the island, especially Petit de Gao, a picturesque fishing village just down the road from Arichat. But this should really be the stomping ground of historians. There is the Le noir Forge, centre of industry in the days of Arichat's glory as a shipping centre, and now restored as a museum cum blacksmith shop where Torie LeBlanc, a cheerful and knowledgeable Acadian from nearby Port Royal, will show you around between re-mining somebody's wagon wheel and re-boring an old fishing boat for a display



Despite the ancient canoes, there's nothing warlike about Arichat. The once busy port is now a fishing town. At right, some grade schools await the next trip.

There is L'Assomption Church, built as a cathedral in 1838, a lofty, fine-towered wooden structure whose richly finished interior includes religious paintings of exceptional quality. The



after painting was executed in 1854, others were done recently. "Shediac is a gem in all the way over from Italy to do the job right," explains Father Alexandre Parier proudly in 1983: a fine road, the convent over the door, but didn't touch the church or the presbytery where Father Parier lives. "The beginning to think," said the priest, with a pious eye roll heavenward, "that I have some pull!"

He is fascinated by local history. "Did you know that we had the first cathedral in eastern Nova Scotia?" That St. Francis Xavier University was founded here in 1863 (it decamped to Antigonish two years later). "This was once the most important business center in the eastern part of the province?"

Once, a local citizen, back from a visit to Sydney, reported, "St. Xavier continues to grow. It's going to become as large as Antigonish." With the end of the sailing ships and the great fishing fleets, Antigonish languished, and has a population today of under 700, but it still retains traces of its proud French past in some of the fine old buildings, with their high pitched roofs, Gothic-style windows and ornate decorative carvings. History shows in the fancy loaves and ancient artifacts in many homes, and rumbles from the mouths of the cannon overlooking the bay — never fired, but always ready in the early days just in case, as Turley Lefebvre noted, "The peaky English got ready about taking us over!"

Visitors to the area can stay at any of the fine resorts in the Camps Capotaques, and will do better to spend a night in Antigonish at either the Marlboro Hotel or the MacDonald where double rooms cost about \$12, and the food is cheap and plentiful. If you love of painting, picture taking, drinking, swimming or talking to the locals, ask your host to arrange a fishing expedition. Local boatmen will take parties out to the fishing grounds — a half hour ride — for about \$35, in boats holding from 10 to 20 people so you can enjoy an afternoon fishing for two or three dollars. The fishing is done by handline, and the catch is periodic, red snapper and cod in the early summer, with mackerel added toward the end of August.

If you have as good a time as I had, you will, do me a favor, tell the CEO. W.S.



THE SAND IS a broker. You can be there, roasting in the sun, watching the boats, without thinking unclean thoughts, and you can feel your muscles, money worries, all your troubles, down out, driven down into the sweltering sand of Parter Beach. And you can, if you are a pious sort, say, "Thank God for girls, and sun, and salt, and Shediac."

There are prettier towns than Shediac in New Brunswick, but there are few that have its unique combination of aspects — the superb beach that one does Shediac Bay (you can walk a mile down the strand, and your kids can splash without danger in the shallow water, in sight of the parents). The beach is sun by the province, which taxes it clean, cheap — 50 cents per day per car — and provides a huge campground and trailer camp nearby.

The fine old houses, the churches, from a redneck and girl couples just outside town to the city's best attractions of scenery. And the people. Shediac's 2,000 plus population is bilingual, which is how an English Canadian describes people who are more than 90% French by origin, but cheerfully speak English to visitors. "We're better at that," says town manager Alfred Armand. "Language is not a problem." Not a problem, an asset! The French touch adds a pleasant touch to every thing, from the signs in the shop windows ("L'eto J. V. menu at P's Appearance of the menu") to the talk of the old



man, standing on street corners, passing and passing at the short skirts swinging past, smiling in remembrance of things past.

There are models, good ones, but for the Shediac inn, which has a low-key dining room, reasonable prices, and an atmosphere of friendly but not

fawning attentions outlived by the owner, Jim McBurney, and his son Harvey, the manager. McBurney was in the food business in Montreal, he used to visit Shediac, and liked it so much he moved there 16 years ago and bought the comfortable 180-year-old hotel. He has no regrets. "This is" he says

Shediac's pleasures are simple — the beauty of flowers, the joys of fishing, at a beautiful shore as Parter Beach.



"about the nicest town in Canada. People like each other here."

Moncton residents have cut along the five miles of beach line, but so do others from as far away as British Columbia, they like the quiet yet convenient location. Most of the tourists work in a nearby industrial park, or commute 18 miles to Moncton. They are sturdy workers and, in a province plagued by unemployment, seldom have trouble getting jobs. This is explained by an industrial survey of the area conducted by the Canadian National, which ranked of the Shediacers. These men are rugged physically, mentally alert and stable in industry. All are bilingual.

That stability comes from having such a beach to tell their troubles to. W.S.





IF EVER YOU WONDER what it was that set the Group of Seven painters off on about this big old, sometimes frosty land, turn northwest from Quebec City and drive for about an hour to Bellefleur. Here you will find what the painters caught on canvas: smoky hills, carrying dark ovals of evergreen out to meet the brighter corners of maple

There's a look of tranquillity and isolation in Bellefleur. A small town (1,000) and three schools provide much of the local industry, and pretty girls improve the local scenery.



Bellefleur is old. In 1675, Jacques Cartier captured the first mass in Canada on the Ile aux Coudres, a large island (now offshore). In 1678, some new settlers began to move in, and in 1759, during a minor engagement between British troops and the Canadian militia, the village was burned to the ground. A little later, the villagers came back, rebuilt, replanted, went on as before.

At the center of town, and of its landscape, is an imposing neo-Gothic church, heart of the Paroisse du Gouffre parish. A church well worth visiting for its beauty.

Standing in the town square, with this magnificent cathedral behind you, looking down the row street, where high-backed houses with stilted windows lean up to the road and carry the flavor of old France, you feel that, come what may, life

or food, French nationalism or English anarchy, Bellefleur will endure, beautiful, most content, unchanging.

There is something else about the town. It is full of beautiful girls and lovely women, girls who bring sweet to the brow of man and despair to the heart of women's liberation, frilly girls who wear perfume and lace and walk with twitching tails aloft, black-eyed women who clearly don't know they are exploited buyers, needed by men. What is it that makes girls in a town of 4,700 dress for the streets of Montreal? (Perhaps it's competition with the hills to shine in this setting, real beauty is required.) The pace here is the measured tread of town life. As an elderly resident says, "We save life, as our ancestors did, we do not try to gamble it, as our children sometimes will."





A FEW MILES northeast of Lake Superior's Manitowishken Bay is Wawa, Ont., which for more than 300 years composed six miles of an alternate canoe route between the Great Lakes and Hudson Bay. The name is onomatopoeic, deriving from the sound of the rapids. The town of Wawa, on the lake's western shore, was inaccessible by road until the Lake Superior Route of the Trans-Canada Highway was finalized in 1960. The long isolation is still apparent in the residents' insularity and the

abundance of fish and game in the town's spectacularly rugged environs. In June moose thralls along the highway — which was designed, cleverly, to bring drivers into the town and provide the moose with some relief from bicyclists.

What brought the people to Wawa City (as the hotel was potentially registered in 1899) despite summer fires and winter storms was gold. It happened this way: One beautiful day in 1837 a passing Indian named William Teddy sent his wife down to Wawa Lake for a pail of water. What would you have the man do, fetch it himself? The Teddys were making a money lamp on a small pond. When she came back she showed him some pretty pebbles in the bottom of the pail. He put them in his pocket. The incident led to a minor gold rush, but it ended badly for Mrs. Teddy. The husband was paid \$500 for her discovery and, shortly set out to visit the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre

near Quebec City. The bright lights of Montreal delirious him and he came home out of sorts and broke. All Mrs. Teddy got out of it was a barrel of molasses and a \$25 stove.

But Wawa got a really main street (Broadway) and a flower hotel (thoroughly named the Dalmore) after Gustav Victoria's summer place in Scotland. The hotel had a 40-foot mahogany bar and something called the Snake Room where drunken miners were stocked like card

are operation on nearby Helen Maule and the construction of a sinister giant. Algonia steel new takes 2 1/2 million tons of ore annually from the hills along the shore of Wawa Lake. Your car was manufactured principally from this steel.

Wawa's 40-year tradition to get a road "buff" was surrounded as an asset, only by the in Toronto 1947 when he changed Wawa's name to Jamieson in honor of steel magnate Sir James Dunn. Townspeople are extraordinarily proud of Wawa's curious name, and mention of their enforced 53-year interlude as Jamiesonville is still enough to make old men fall off their chairs. In 1959 12-inch letters on a new post office informed residents he revolution. Letters disappeared progressively so that they spelled MCTOWN.

POST OFFICE TOWN POST OFFICE and finally, OWN POST OFFICE. Government officials argued and in 1960, as local historian Agnes M. Turcott observes stonily in her book

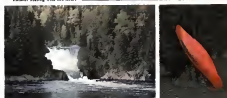
Land Of The Big Moose, "Wawa was once more Wawa — symbol of freedom, growth, strength and faith."

Mrs. Turcott and her husband Al can take credit for the 30-foot steel statue of a gator that marks the Wawa turnoff from the highway. Their original concept: goose new stands somewhat inconspicuously inside the perimeter of Fort Friendship, a reconstruction of sorts of a fur trading post on the nearby Michipicoten River. The Turcotts' fort encloses, among other things, a "feminizing pioneer museum" and a chapel (available for weddings) whose walls are made of whiskey bottles. Somewhat closer to town is the turnoff to High Falls on the Maggie River, a cabinet bath-tub and unpopulated.

An overnight stopover in Wawa is a good idea for motorists going north and west around Lake Superior from South Bay, Minn. — surely one of the continent's most appealing drives in the summer and

fall. The town has built-up-down food shops and — in the venerable tradition of northern Ontario — numerous three-star restaurants that persist in ignoring or rubbing the fresh fish at their very door. You can wash dinner down with a selection of wine, though there's the red, and there's the white. J.R.

A Canada goose (left) peers out over Wawa, where are cars off the ice and a loony natural sitting by the heart.





MINNETONKA, MINNESOTA, which such a name, a town could be said to have certain aesthetic advantages. Happily, for the barn-perched Trans Canada Inn, however, Minnetonka's name is not the most beautiful town in Minnesota — for this town has

Minnetonka, a Sioux word meaning "with water." Names of the river that rises through the valley of the lake to the eastern end of it, and of the town that fans out from the middle, with its main suburbs sprawling up one of the southern slopes.

Minnetonka, Town 134 miles west of Winnipeg, 30 miles north of Randon, 30 miles south of Ridg. Mountain National Park. Dotted surrounding is the town (displaced capital of western Canada), and the water-skiing capital of Minnesota.

What Minnetonka is, really, is the place where all summer, all grow up, rich to vacant lots and sunbaked afternoons when the streets are empty but the silence friendly, where almost everybody in town knows every body else, and strangers are greeted with "Well, where are you folks from?"

For its size (about 3,000 population), it's a town more progressive than most, more aggressive — with its good base of five under-30 business men spending on the main street — and more generously endowed by nature. The lake for instance is just a mile from town and, with its crystal-clear waters and sandy beaches, a considerable improvement on



the old remembered swimming holes. On hot summer days, Minnetonka becomes virtually a childless town, but early morning and cool afternoons pose them everywhere — crawling out of roadside culverts, clambering over the old Churchill tank that sits in a miniature park just off the main street, fishing from the rocks below the modern bridge, or lying on the grass in rows, just watching the world go by.

It's a kids town, an old-fashioned town, a town where you don't go looking for boutiques or French wines with dinner, but for the action out at the lake (which incidentally

has a serviced campground), and on the streets the tiny Pioneer Museum where the artistic shoppings are held. Minnetonka's history is very close to home shape that all locally made money in the year's own restaurants where the decor is early colonial and you write out your own bill and serve your own coffee. Both did Minnetonka drive-out traditions that grew on gold, maybe a town of the local dairy.

Minnetonka is a clean town. The yards are fenced the hay pens and cared for, and all the streets are paved. Somebody had the foresight to preserve the clock tower when they re-

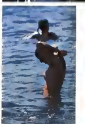
built the old red brick post office on Main Street, which not only lends a little New England type charm to the town but serves almost as a compass for strangers finding their way around town. Whatever you're looking for, it's bound to be there, back from the town or just back right.

The tourist trade Minnetonka enjoys each summer is earned. The big independent Fountains Festival is planned with visitors in mind as well as residents. There's an attractive, easy-to-find tourist information booth right downtown. The lake rental has phones at the ramps and an indoor pool. For some of



Minnetonka exudes an air of quiet prosperity and comfortable contentment, from its flag bedecked front porches to its sea-view main street. An ancient racetrack (inset) and a girl-splashed lake provide some of its more striking faces.

these efforts is intuitive to the vacationer who knows for the quiet, easy things that Minnetonka offers. Mostly they come before it's such a pretty town for that wasn't always so. Early photographs show a few shacks scattered through what was then a semi-wilderness, scarcely well-tended anywhere but no other fronts in sight. Today fronts are abundant and full-blown, the streets steady and well laid out. The original name of the town, which grew up when John Tanner built a primitive toll bridge across the river, was Tanner's Crossing. One can't be certain, of course, but this is how one could see of the town people and the determination to make the most of their natural setting may well have been part when the name was changed to Minnetonka. P.A.





YOU'RE driving across the prairie northwest of Regina, playing the old south Saskatchewan highway game of how many towns can you see from here, counting the little clusters of grass swatches sprinkled from farm to what looks like infinity. You're beginning to wonder if you'll ever see a tree again.

Suddenly the road dies and there is Lumsden. Like the corner driver coming upon an oasis in the Sahara, you're tempted to rub your eyes.

The valley is spread at your feet, deep and lush and ribbed with the Qu'Appelle River and nestled at the west end of it is this little town, unlike any other in the Prairie. The houses, like the trees, are gracious and spreading. There is a hotel with white-washed pillars and balconies and pink, fancy laces in front, a red brick post office that looks like somebody's well-worn coat of arms, with its white-trimmed cupolas, window boxes filled with flowers, and a north-facing pink at front town with a black round it. There are cool, shaded sidewalks where the trees have long since joined to form an overhead arch where the houses look solid and protective, and boys still children ride horses down

the middle of the road without disturbing any one.

Everything looks so though it has been there forever.

Lumsden has a small camp ground, in the trees beside the river, a riding academy, and by way of things to do, the occasional antique "motor" or antique auction. But Lumsden is the kind of place where you go not to do or see, but to be. Just being there is the reward of the 15-minute drive from Regina.

It's not simply a matter of being quiet. The town's special charm has to do with caring. Everywhere you look, it has the look of a place carefully chosen and well loved. The people who live here know what they have.

A large part of what they have is one another. It's a town rich in character, and character. There's old Doc Wilson, the Oxford-educated veterinarian who lives in a little shack crisscrossed with stuffed birds, scientific biology textbooks and diplomas, proudly displaying it. Hatch farm is his home, his lush orchard on the original bushes and he'll engage you in a lengthy dissertation on the great fever of '31, or the anthropological reasons behind rice riots.

Then there's Maggie Inglis, whose little blue house comes from the grain elevator used to be a skating home. Maggie is the town's sixth mother-in-law — she delivered more than 300 babies in her day make-shift infirmary before retiring in 1950.

And there's little Lydia Jermoluk, daughter of the first settler in Lumsden. The best way to get to her house is through Maggie's back garden. It is a little building in town, and it's packed with old photographs, family documents and all the mementos of 100 years. Its occupant is a fine-favored beauty still, with all the shyness and innocence of her schoolgirl portrait still showing from her soft brown eyes. She lived here with her sister Ger-



trine, who ran the telephone office and batted through a lifetime of basketball work up to her death three years ago. Lydia, the shy one, worked for her father as a telephone operator. She admired the vicarious. Come very much. She's so shy that she cannot say — stronger a compliment without apologizing for her boldness. Everyone in town speaks of her sleep as Miss Lydia Jermoluk.

Inevitably Lumsden has been discovered by the outsiders, and there are bright new ranch-style houses, clusters of motels and daily car pools to

Regina. The natives, surprisingly unbothered by their little oasis, look upon the newcomers with neither hostility nor undue concern. "I just hope it doesn't get too big," says 13-year-old Karen Nijm, strolling the neck of her graying pinto and giving someone a withful over the valley. "So many people like it here, you know."

It's true and Karen has a legitimate worry about Lumsden's future. It's the kind of town, so all the passes through. Keep saying that's great to visit, but what they'd really like to do is live there.

P.A.



Lumsden is an idyllic boozed town, and a gentleman gardener watering his roses. Lumsden is a small city's stroll on a sunny afternoon. A pair of horses grazing on a hillside. Lumsden is a sudden burst of beauty on the face of the Prairie.





PINCHER CREEK? Well, it seems that road about 1866 a party of prospectors camped in this wooded valley on their way north, only to find when they arrived at their destination that a catastrophe had befallen them: they had left a pair of shirts, or pinches, back there beside that meandering little creek. Legend has it that the pinches were found, years later, resting on the creek bed. By 1878, when the North West Mounted Police established a big horse ranch there to supply the post at Fort Macleod, the name had stuck.

The town got its start when retiring Mounties began taking up ranches in the area, and it's easy to see why they chose this spot over all they'd seen: in their western towns, Pincher Creek is real foothills country. And for many people the Alberta foothills are even more spellbinding than the goldenrod at the Rockies.

A busy town of about 3,000, Pincher Creek today is still primarily a ranching centre. It's richer, however, in more interest than its neighbors: the Indian reserve just outside town, no more imaginative in its main-street shops. The exception is the attractive, western-style dining rooms at the King Edward Hotel.

It's a pretty town, clustered in a little valley with a river running through it (the old Pincher Creek), a downtown park, and some interesting buildings left over from early days. One is a charming bit of white gingerbread nostalgia on the main street: a former bank serving in its old age as a law office, an offer is the sprawling red-brick St. Vincent's Hospital on the crest of the hill, once a family home.

Yet another is the building

known to the townspeople as "the big house." Midwesterners driving into town on Highway 6, see the house on the outskirts at the foot of a hill, tucked in off the road beside the river, and they stop their cars to look. This is the home of Gaston Riquas, a renegade French aristocrat who came to the New World to make his mark as a rancher in 1920. The house is a lovely, balanced piece of architecture made entirely of logs (of Gaston's ranch) that have been allowed to age naturally to a soft grey-brown, so perfectly fitted with log garb, heavy-fringed doors and many-paned windows that look as though they grew there.

Inside the house is a treasury of 17-century antiques: some of them have belonged to the

Riquas family for 350 years. Pincher Creek is a pleasant town, but even the natives admit it's the setting that makes it. An hours drive in any direction takes you to some of the most remarkable beauty spots in the west — Watrous Lakes National Park, if you can't resist. Famed a virgin wilderness studded with wildflowers, the famous Grosvenor Pass castrary, with the Frank Slide visible from the highway.

The drive to any one of them has its own rewards. And it was there's that magnificent backdrop — the Rockies.

In country such as this, one should spend at least a day at a real ranch, and the Buckhorn Guest Ranch, 16 miles west of town, still runs an honest-to-goodness beef herd in addition

to its dude-camp facilities. On the way to the Buckhorn, stop at the ghost town of Beaver Mines and listen to Annette Barn talk about the old days. A beauty still at 73, Annette spent her girlhood in this once thriving coal centre, and she can point out mine sites and streets long since buried under the grassy slopes.

What those Mounties saw long ago in this part of the foothills' progress has done little to diminish. You get hooked on it, like Antelope Creek and Gaston Riquas. Gaston once tried to return to France, but he came back after three weeks. What did he miss? "The freedom," he said. "The freedom, and the space."

That, really, is what Pincher Creek is all about. PA

Old westward meet modern ranch at Pincher Creek, in the Alberta foothills. "The big house" owner left is jammed with antiques.





This is a Watchbird watching Canada. This is a Watchbird watching YOU

BY PENNY WILLIAMS

DO YOU know that Canadian jobs may be changed to an embowed one like a credit one? Well, you would know, if you subscribed to *The Duggan Canadian Newsletter*, a 18-year-old, four-page, fortnightly digest published in Cleveland, and read by 20,000 businessmen and politicians in North America and Europe.

You'd also know how Americans viewed the FLQ kidnappings last fall. "Behind the scenes, such as in banks and other institutions with money at stake, there is some definite reassurance of the security of one's holdings in terms of Canada as a whole, though, virtually every banker interviewed expressed greater concern over the pending tax reform than over the FLQ." In Washington there was a sigh of relief over the firm position taken by the Canadian government. (October 19, 1970)

The Duggan Canadian Newsletter only speculates about "Canadian" points but its real interest is the businessman's interest. How structures in Canada to foreign investment? Americans told it to find out. So do Canadians.

The publisher is John Duggan, Duggan II, a grey-haired, stout man of 45, founder and president of Canadian Enterprise Corporation. He calls himself a publisher, and adds, "I'm a consultant to Canadian and American companies doing or desiring to do business on the other side of the border" (\$110-million worth of transactions since 1956).

This family is more than clear business sense. His father, now retired, was a prominent Cleveland lawyer, but his mother was from Montreal, and so is his wife. A year's business experience in Montreal, right after receiving his BA from Harvard in 1949, convinced him that too many Americans don't know enough about market conditions in Canada. This conviction helped lead to the founding of the Newsletter in 1953.

It appears every other Monday, as every other Thursday John Duggan settles down in the office section of a five old home on the shores of Lake Erie, and edit copy from his correspondents. He has six copiers — four in Canada, and one each in London and Washington. As well, there is a network of correspondents reporting economically (and legally) from within the civil service, the ministerial departments of banks, and the key industries — newspaper, auto, oil and gas.

Problems such as the great CP Americanized economy are excluded, but the area of each issue is business. The yardstick is "the security of one's holdings" and that's why Edgar Benson is seen as a greater threat than the FLQ — at least someone is doing something about the FLQ.

"The Dominion Bureau of Statistics depicted a sharp reduction in the net value of Canadian resources bought by foreigners in November." "So much for the argument that foreign money will always have a home in Canada — tax reform or not," growled one financial observer" (February 9, 1970).

At first, back in the complacent 1950s the Newsletter didn't pay that much attention to Canadian politics. "Good servants," explains Duggan, "had such naive enthusiasm and more nationalism than they used to be. So American companies need to know more about the Canadian political scene."

As the April 20, 1970, issue ruefully put it, "The confusion is being touched in several quarters that the Trudeau government is a promoter of the Mundurucis — the senior civil servants — at last have no other government in recent history."

One-time Finance Minister Walter Gordon is now held to be greatly misled on the political scene, even by the business community because he seemed the straightforward Mundurucis were envious on policy. Mr. Trudeau must revert back to his original objective — to see that it is the ministers and cabinet who make policy.

To this point, there is no firm indication that he will.

Trudeau, however, is generally viewed with a sympathetic eye, despite his so-called credibility gap. "That vast expense between the liberal reformer he seems to be and the steady administrator he is increasingly revealing himself to be." It is only the Mr. Trudeau sense of fiscal responsibility will prove a benchmark against which many prime ministers will be judged" (November 30, 1970).

That sense was also commented on the Liberal Party policy convention and the monetarism issue, which is judged for the most part "a Toronto phenomenon — that even parts of Ontario are not in agreement with." The general consensus was that only Toronto would benefit from it, that it would only work under a genuine socialist government.

"You can hardly expect businessmen to alter the size of a genuine socialist government," John Duggan explains, "but they will be expressing his belief in the need for a strong North American bloc to counter 'that other system'."

Last fall the Newsletter related the concern of a Canadian businessman on a trip behind the Iron Curtain who was led by a Russian spokesman that

"the free enterprise system is being steadily undermined in Canada, the U.S. and some other western nations by the growing role of the central government and their tendency to not invest and regulate too much, as compared to what is happening in Germany and Japan where the governments are openly investing business and not the least be alarmed if those who are successful become wealthy."

Here's how the Newsletter views other Canadian issues and personalities.

TRUDEAU'S WASHINGTON VISIT
"The office attendance was evidently disappointed that the PM did not swing from a White House chandelier

However, those whose views really count looked the visit as one which consolidated a productive working relationship between Washington and Ottawa for the first time since 1960" (April 3, 1969).

OIL AND GAS "Due thing is certain, oil flows in North America free from now will be a free cry down when they see today and the coming end of details will provide considerable debate in both countries" (January 27, 1969).

CANADIAN UNEMPLOYMENT "It is increasingly evident that the degree of faculty sympathy for the students suggests the long-term outlook for the poaching of very leftist and unbecomingly thinking" (May 5, 1969).

STUDENT UNEMPLOYMENT "Real momentum toward a breakup of Canada could get its impetus from the west" (April 30, 1970).

NATIONAL UNITY "Canada's political malaise of the 1970s is causing concern in political and political circles." The view is widely held now that Mr. Trudeau is failing in the very area in which the voters had placed their greatest faith in him — national unity. "In the national fight and other areas such as the Air Force system, every observer felt the Trudeau government has indeed shown great political courage." On the deficit side of the ledger is the view of the paper on Tax Reform. "No matter what the end result may be, some harm will have been done to the Canadian economy, especially through the flight of money from the country to various tax havens" (April 10, 1970).

Which leads us back to nuclear power. "The finance minister gave vividly all signs of the memory, with the exceptions of maybe war veterans and pensioners, a lifetime of moral responsibility for his actions" (December 14, 1969).

JOE CRONIN "In an Ontario speech dealing his infamous Detroit lecture to U.S. of executives last week, Mr. Cronin took the long off" about politics. There is a growing feeling here that national resource experts in the future just may be had to social measures, in relation to the social measures, of course."

BARBARA KENNEDY "The Wall Street strategy has his out, his admission of the functioning of the economy and his clear presentation of Quebec as a place for investment" (October 18, 1970).

QUEBEC "If Quebec were to separate, the rest of Canada may take a lot from go abroad. The official

American attitude would be to watch closely for Communist evidence, and if it came to the surface there would very likely be some sort of action with the objective of governing another Cuba" (April 10, 1970).

THE WILL TO WORK "In short, in our view, the main reason the rest of the problem is that too many in Canada are not being educated to appreciate that progress is the result of work. Government welfare programs are thereby abused and have done much to destroy the incentives to be productive on the part of thousands of Canadians" (September 3, 1969).

John Duggan misses it all as a businessman, but for him it's not just business. He has relatives in Canada, and a network of friends and acquaintances, people such as Mayor Jean Drapeau ("I value highly my relationship with a man like Drapeau"), Eric Kierren ("Somehow I feel poor like I want to get to the office and the building without taking every step along the way"), and Charles Keith, president of Comstock International. It's his weekly building Canada. John Duggan knows Canada, he knows about it and promotes it, well, the way John Duggan characterizes and promotes the city of Montreal, for example.

So it's not with meagre information that Duggan says there is no border, none of the people, the continuously proud Canadians to elect the situation. It happens to be convinced that the U.S. market offers the average Canadian producer his best potential offer for his own market, if he has a position in his own market as it is that simple.

At least it is to John Duggan. □



John Duggan II in front of his Cleveland home and publishing base.

Life is a Mutual affair.

Life is a
mutual
affair.

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO
NOTICE OF BIRTH REGISTRATION
MARVIN
TOM



Remember?

You passed out the cigars. Didn't know how to hold him. Gave him a name. Now, what about his future?

Planning a child's future doesn't mean arranging his entire life. Or simply putting money aside for his education. His future really depends on you, his home and his family.

We can help you secure his future well-being. Our unique background helps. It means that whatever plans you have, we have ones to match them. Together we can help you and your family get more out of life. And give you more peace of mind about the future.

Talk to us about your child's future. We've found that parents who come to us - stick with us. More than any other life insurance company in Canada.

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The Mutual Life

ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

See Saskatchewan.



or, See Saskatchewan.



Many people see it from the Trans-Canada Highway as they rush to the usual tourist spots.

Get there's another way. Take a detour. See something different, like the place the glacier missed. Or the bulletproofed little church from Louis Riel's day. And if someone wants to you while you're detouring, wave back. Because that's the way you see Saskatchewan.

We're having a Homecoming celebration this year. A lot of cars are being asked. For a lot of parties. If you run into one of them, stay and say hello. You'll be welcome. And that's a great way to see Saskatchewan.

There's a lot to see that we haven't easily shared about. Put it in the map and we'll make your search a little easier.

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21 Steps To A Safer Car

Governments, not dollars, should set safety standards, says this consultant engineer, in a point-by-point analysis of what the ground rules should be. *Maclean's* asked the Ford Motor Company to reply to his suggestions, with revealing results. The comments in *italic* type are those of the Ford expert.

BY JOHN R. HAYES

As a CONSULTANT ENGINEER I have investigated every kind of vehicle into accident for insurance or law firms. My impartial findings came in the settlement of insurance claims and court cases. With equal impartiality, I have decided that many people try to die or maimed and thousands of cars are wrecked simply because auto manufacturers are in business to make money, not safe cars.

Cars are safe. What the author must have intended to say was that manufacturers cannot succeed if they offer the safest cars possible, regardless of cost or availability.

That's not their fault, it is society's. In our free enterprise, consumer run, only the people's interests are best served by private concerns competing with one another for a share of the marketplace. It would be absurd to expect one auto maker to go it alone and try in the face of public taste to market a "safe" car. He'd simply go out of business. Remember, 1956 is the year DeSoto still talks at us "the year Ford sold safety and the rest of us sold cars."

Ralph Nader prodded the U.S. government into improving more safety controls on manufacturers — but they just don't go far enough. In my experience, some of them don't even make much sense. In Canada there are practically no safety regulations for car design. And yet the only way the automobile can be made safer is for governments to impose the same requirements on all manufacturers, so that all must design their products by the same rules.

We agree that rules should be the same. We don't agree that Canada lacks regulation. Canada's safety regulations are extensive. In addition, North American auto makers have built identical cars for the U.S. and

Canadian markets, with all U.S.-required safety features for several years.

Here's? Well, remember the automobile is the only means of transportation not fully judged about with design regulations. Planes, ships, trains — all are subject to stringent government control in design, strict rules and inspections. Because the car is "personal" transport and even a multi-car accident lacks the dramatic death toll of a jumbo-jet crash or a train wreck, the same stringent regulation are not applied to automobiles. That is absurd. Everyone knows the total death rate on the roads is higher than in any war yet fought.

Passenger impact protection is not provided in ships, boats or general aviation aircraft, and only in a limited way in commercial transport aircraft. In fact, we believe the rules applied to automobiles are now more stringent than for any of the other transport modes.

There are three causes of auto accidents. The driver. The vehicle. And the road. The driver is at fault in 90% of accidents so that, even so, much improve and cars become more reliable, the likelihood of a serious reduction in the accident rate is unlikely. But cars can be so designed that they help reduce the number of accidents, and the accidents that do happen will be less likely to cause injury or death.

Experts believe that improved roads — i.e., all-weather highways with barriers on bridges, elimination of "freeflow" interchanges etc. — and improved drivers are likely to pay the greatest dividends.

Such cars would cost very little more to make than today's vehicles.

What's more, operating costs would be reduced because fewer accidents would mean cheaper insurance and a reduction in repair bills.

Operating costs might be lower, but not repair costs. For example, anti-lock brakes cost between \$225 and \$275 for two-wheel systems, \$400 to \$500 for four-wheel systems.

What follows is a summation of the major lessons I've learned from examining, as an engineer, the human errors — human as well as mechanical — of many hundreds of crashes. If incorporated with a single vehicle along with other current safety requirements, these 21 changes would make that vehicle much closer to the ultimate "safe" car.

1 ROUNDED CORNERS



It is completely unnecessary that so many deaths and suffering should

New approach to Italy

major job is to satisfy the whims of vehicle designers, who worship the square-cornered car. The high-speed, head-on collision in which part of one square-fronted car hits part of the square front of another car usually results in components being forced back into the passenger compartment. If cars had rounded corners fitted with bumpers that actually work instead of just looking pretty, the colliding cars would tend to glance off one another, as inflated balls do. Such rounded corners would reduce injuries from an other common type of collision — in which the front of one car hits the side of another at an angle. Today's cars have relatively weak sides. When the square corner of another car hits them, it easily penetrates the passenger compartment. Rounded corners would reduce the risk of penetration. Round-cornered vehicles would also be more stable in crosswinds and offer less wind drag, thus improving gas mileage. And the benefits of round corners in a rear-end collision are obvious.

Unfortunately, the laws of physics crush this proposal. When two 4,000-pound vehicles collide at any speed, the forces must be largely absorbed by metal deformation. Bouncing the crumpled metal out helps. Most new North American cars incorporate air impact bars that do in fact help deflect crushing impacts. But the problem with requiring chairs in the perpendicularity is that there is insufficient space in the seats to provide "controlled collapse" of the metal to absorb energy. And if the seats are too rigid, the energy is simply transferred to the passengers.

2 "SLOW DOWN" LIGHT

As soon as a driver lifts his foot from the gas pedal a yellow light should come on at the rear of the car. When he applies the brakes, this light would replace by conventional stop lights. This system would warn following drivers that the car ahead was about to slow down or stop.



An old idea which has been thoroughly researched and is a candidate for what happens in traffic is that there are many fast lights that following motorists need to know the light is "coming well" and "coming in."

3 HEADREST

Headrests usually obstruct the driver's vision when he turns to look out the rear or side windows. And besides, they don't do anything to prevent whiplash injuries caused by side impacts. However, if headrests were redesigned to be totally effective, the driver's rear vision would be completely obscured. But if the passenger type of narrow mirror were in place, such headrests would be practical.



Since whiplash is caused by neck flexing when the torso is restrained, it is hard to imagine much use of "side whiplash." More as a point of view for research that drivers like to sit at the rear of the car. For a driver's rear view.

4 REARVIEW PERISCOPE

Most rearview mirrors are inadequate. They provide a rearward field of vision to the rear, and obscure part of the windshield. On some vehicles the narrow mirror is located just where it hides stop signs and other road markers. Current design tends to ward lower roof lines and smaller rear windows worsen this situation. So do "fimbriated" cars, whose rear windows are at an angle that reflects light — often obscuring the driver's view completely — and thus reflect light into the area of following motorists. Then the styling trend of a wide metal panel between rear and side windows in creases the size of the dangerous

"blind spot" at the rear corners of the car. One possible solution would be a rearview periscope instead of a rear mirror. It could be set at the top of the windshield directly in front of the driver, and project above the rear. A wide-angle mirror would provide adequate vision on either side of the vehicle.



Foot has experienced such problems and found there are some valuable problems. 1. The mirror is not visible and is not doing anything when you look at it. 2. The mirror is not visible and is not doing anything when you look at it. 3. The mirror is not visible and is not doing anything when you look at it.

5 NEW GAS PEDAL POSITION

Suppose drivers are calculated on a driver's reflex action in recognizing a danger, lifting the foot from the gas pedal, moving it across to the brake, then depressing the brake pedal. The average driver takes one half to three seconds to do all this, which means that in 60 mph the car travels between 44 and 54 feet during this reaction time. If the conventional pedal controls in a car were redesigned so that braking required only one foot movement, not three, the reaction time would be only one quarter to one third of a second, reducing the stopping distance by between 22 and 33 feet. One possible pedal layout to achieve this would have the gas pedal at right angles to and slightly higher than its present position. It would be operated by sideways pressure of the



foot. The brake pedal would be where the gas pedal was — and therefore right under the side of the driver's compartment on page 44.

Your car glides by green hills and picturesque villages where castle towers and church tops reach for the blue skies.

You are driving to a famous «strattona» where you'll enjoy the most delicious local specialties along the way, you ride through a large «piazza» with black and white pavement where a fine chess game is played by Italians in classical costumes. Another square is

host to the pageantry of medieval horse racing exactly as it was centuries ago. The Italy made rich by history, monuments, mountains, sea and lakes is also the Italy made exciting by vivacious young people, smart fashion, lively restaurants, late-night spots, international swings and of course the beautiful people of Italy. Here, in Italy, are the racing cars that win, the small lake boats



and the luxury yachts, the panoramic ski slopes, comfortable new hotels, autostrades, highways designed for enthusiastic driving. Here are the fascinating scenes where you may see the Pope pass by

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MOVING CANADIANS TO THE WAY THEY ARE OTHER



slow. To stop, let it simply press down instead of sideways with its foot.

There are conflicting opinions among engineers, some say the level and accelerator pedals should be such so that the driver can merely slide his foot over... but others hold that he could tend to jamming the wrong pedal.

6 FAIL-SAFE BRAKES

Hydraulic braking systems, which are pretty well universal now, have the drawback that you may not discover a fault (a leak of the hydraulic fluid, for instance) until you have to brake hard and fast. Such braking usually occurs just prior to a situation in which a collision is possible, which is no time to find you have faulty brakes. Gradual loss of fluid from the braking system is probably the major cause of brake failure. Very few auto makers install an alarm system in the fluid reservoir to trigger a dashboard warning light when the level gets to the danger point. This system should be universal. There should also be a built-in means by which the entire system can be tested at pressures in excess of those exerted by the driver's foot, so that leaks can be discovered at the service station and not on the road.

For several years, U.S. and Canadian cars have had brake warning lights or standard equipment.

7 ANTISKID BRAKES

All too often, skidwheels occur because cars cannot be steered once all four wheels are locked. Antiskid brakes prevent the wheels from locking, even on ice. Therefore, a driver can still steer his car while applying the brakes with full force. This one device alone could save many lives.

First introduced on selected brake units two years ago, and GM and Chrysler have since followed suit. The systems, while very good, are expensive, and sales have been disappointing.

8 WARNING BRAKE LIGHT

Technology has given us self-adjusting brakes, which seem perfect for periodic brake adjustments. Trouble is, no brake adjustments also means no one notices when the bands need retensioning, and you can end up driving on paper-thin linings without knowing it. In a hand-braking situation such as a long one down a hill, leaving the

continued on page 67

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Newfoundland is a holiday. A holiday from stop-here. And go-there. And don't do that! Down here you do things your way. And you do them in your own sweet time.

Start out in St. John's, Canada's oldest, saltiest, friendliest city. As warm and winning as dandelions summered with salt-pork. Or molasses candy (baff's yes).

And then go on discovering. Wind your way through bays and coves and bickles.

Knock on any door and be invited in for tea. And a generous helping of fish stories.

(And stories about pirates and buried treasure that aren't just fish stories.)

Drop a line practically anywhere. We've got the most obliging salmon streams around. Along with the biggest school of tuna in all the seven seas.

Or, if you'd rather tackle something smaller, take in the Caplin Scull. And be part of a cast of millions. Millions of tiny, slippery, succulent fish, just waiting to be nibbled in butter and slashed down with German knives. And when your day is ended, fall into bed.

Relaxed. Refreshed. Feeling really alive.

The way you almost can't remember. Come stop. Come stay. Come see. Come find yourself.

Newfoundland and Labrador

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Development Office
Confederation Building
St. John's, Newfoundland, Canada
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Camping () Fishing ()
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Address _____
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Province/State _____

with an enhanced and partially dangerous brake system. The only solution here is to spend the money you've saved on periodic brake lining checks. But one common cause of brake failure could be prevented. Many people drive with their left foot resting lightly on the brake pedal. The brakes are thus lightly applied all the time; they overheat and the brake shoes distort, causing complete brake failure. The solution would be a light on the dash that would warn the driver that he was unknowingly applying the brakes.

Worn-out bearings, in our experience, give ample warning through noise, pulling and excessive pedal travel.

9 IN-SLOPING WINDOWS

In Canadian winter, dipping windshields and rear windows collect snow and ice. If both windows were coated inward from the top you wouldn't have to drive around with only a small hole in the snow to see through. (This idea would probably cause havoc with the aerodynamics of our design.)

Car makers offer windshield wipers, defrosters and rear-window defrosters to clear the windows. Besides, in-sloping would hardly take care of the dried or encrusted snow problem.

10 A NEW EMERGENCY BRAKE

A great deal has been said and written about the advantages of a dual braking system — much of it nonsense. This system has, in effect, two separate braking systems, one for the front wheels and one for the rear. We suppose it's the front brakes that fail. A popular, and dangerous, myth is that, with rear wheels locked and front free to rotate, a car will continue to head in a straight line because of the drag of those locked rear wheels. In fact if the vehicle is going fast enough, it will spin right around and it's a landing rate first. A rear wheel at 60 mph suddenly faced with a car on his side of the road steers to the right and jabs on the brakes. The front brakes fail, the rear brakes hold — and the car turns sideways. The steering car hits it broadside and crashes the passenger compartment.

The driver would have had a better chance of survival if his brakes had failed entirely and he was involved in a head-on collision. The solution is to redesign the mechanical parking brake system so that it operates on

(continued on page 68)



Litterbugs leave a lot to be undesired

They leave paper wrappers, beer cans and even convertible members of disposable junk. They leave it where vacationers and tourists as well as residents see it, and are annoyed by it.

Think what our great scenic vistas would be like without proper trash, our city streets without dirty bits of newspaper flying in our faces on windy days, parks and playgrounds without bottles to trip over and lakes and rivers free of discarded food and crumpled containers.

Canada is the sum total of its magnificent outdoor scenery. Its fine tourist facilities, its cities, parks, water playgrounds, wildlife areas desire and hospitable people. It's a wonderful place to spend a vacation. To ruin it, to lose it, is a loss that the way. Let's all be considerate of the other person. Keep Canada Beautiful!

the front wheels, not the rear ones. Even better (basic parking brakes are redundant on modern transmissions, both automatic and manual), the system should be designed so that if the hydraulic system fails, the brake pedal would travel further and then operate the mechanical linkage system.

Mechanical service brakes were dropped at least 30 years ago because they were not as good as hydrobrakes. But the basic question is: what evidence is there for a redundant brake system beyond what is already offered?

11 ROOF-LEVEL DASHBOARD



Apart from the fact that many seat belts are so designed that the driver can't reach the dashboard controls while using them, most car dashboards are located so that the driver's hands on the wheel obscure his speedometer. Dashboards should be located higher, perhaps above the windshield, and be more accessible.

This would constitute a hand-operated hazard alarm. How would they be operated — through a hole in the roof?

12 TIRE WARNING SYSTEM

All tire valves should be designed to give a visual indication when pressure drops below a specified safety level.



And all tires should be made so that when they are worn to the point where they are dangerous, a colored underlayer is exposed. Police should be empowered to charge a man driving with tires in this condition. This would solve two big problems: when tire pressures are too low, vehicle handling deteriorates and wear rates are prone to skyrocketing; i.e. when you brake at the rate the tire is melted from the road surface by a wedge of water which not only increases the stopping distance but can also result in complete loss of steering control.

Good idea. In fact, Ford and others have been trying to develop a reliable tire-pressure indicator for years. How indicators in the rubber have been standard for years.

13 ROUND RIM HORN

The shape and location of most horns is absurd. The driver usually has to grope around to find the horn, particularly when turning and the horn ring on bottom is in a different location to the one it occupies when the wheel is in the straight-ahead position.



Yes. The horn ring that circles the engine wheel just inside the rim makes the most sense — and at night, when the horn is sounded, the headlights should flash automatically so that visual as well as audible warnings are given.

We've had all kinds of horn devices, and none seem to suit everybody. Presumably it is a "safety" hazard to the one who dodges it.

14 REFLECTOR STRIPS

Most cars have lights on the side of the front fenders, but they cannot be bright enough to be really visible if they were it would lead to



confusion. The answer would be reflector strips all around the vehicle plus reflector number plates. Electrical systems often fail in a crash and the lights go out. At night, there is the danger of an oncoming car piling into the crashed vehicle. Reflective devices would help prevent this happening.

U.S. and Canadian safety regulations already call for reflective lights and reflectors.

15 HIGHER HEADLIGHTS

The headlights on most cars are not only located where they are most easily damaged, but also where they can most quickly become covered in mud dirt. It would make better sense some

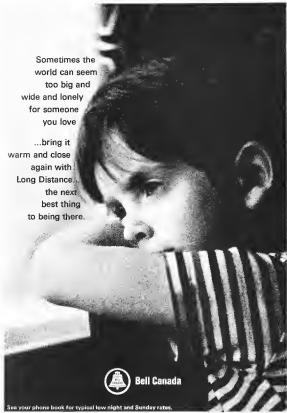


to have the headlights rise up from the hood (as they do now in a few cars), and to have an automatic waving system. Often, front turn signals are placed just below the headlights, so they also can be easily obscured or at least their visibility diminished by dirt. Some are even placed behind the radiator grille, where they can't be wiped clean. Rear lights are often so badly hung up or surrounded by chrome trim. As the car moves, a partial vacuum is created in each recessed area and dirt

continues on page 70

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1. See
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doctor
periodi-
cally



2. Control
high
blood
pressure



3. Don't
smoke
cigarettes



4. Eat foods
low in
saturated
fat and
cholesterol



5. Avoid
over-
weight



6. Exercise
regularly

**GIVE ...
so more will live
HEART FUND**



and dirt are sucked onto the light lenses. All this diminishes the effectiveness of the lights on your car.

Is this a real problem? Light intensity requirements already consider the question of dirt on lenses.

16 ROOF TURN SIGNALS

In heavy traffic, turn signals located low on the rear of the vehicle often cannot be readily seen by following drivers. They should be placed on the roof of the car at both front and back. They would also be out of the way of the road dirt.



We agree and have done considerable research. Roof-level lights were optimal in some models, but a driver's flip and confusion with your "steer now!"

17 LIGHT CAN COLOR

The darker a car is painted, the less chance other drivers and pedestrians have of seeing it. Truck fleet owners report significant reductions in accidents when their dark-colored vehicles were repainted in light hues. Some bus companies report that driving with the headlights on by day also cuts their accident rate.

But what about the visibility of light cars in other zones or bad weather?

18 SIMPLE SEAT BELTS

Designers should produce a seat belt that can be fastened with one hand—thus, more drivers would use them. Present ones are so complicated they often seem to be more bother than they're worth.

Ford's Japanese Unisearch system has been praised as the best in domestic cars. But there is no evidence that more people use them because of that.

19 SMART DRIVERS

In licensing drivers we do nothing to test their ability to concentrate or to

react intelligently as an emergency, both vital factors in high-speed driving. In fact, more drivers react to an emergency with panic. Many various accidents could be avoided if the "inexperienced" driver had taken valuable evening school. Governments should set up schools to teach anyone who wants a license how to handle their vehicles in high-speed emergencies.

20 LICENSE SUSPENSIONS

Reliable studies show that we could cut the accident rate by more than half simply by suspending the licenses of 10% of drivers—the ones you can prove are just "accidents looking for a place to happen." If they had the guts to do this, our politicians could do something to stop the rising death toll.

21 AUTOMATIC DRIVING AID

The average person is simply incapable of driving an vehicle with 100% safety, and anyone with knowledge of modern technology knows that our present road and highway system has been obsolete for 10 years. Therefore, governments should already be planning an automatic transportation system. It is technically possible to attach sensors to a vehicle's four wheels, and a computer to indicate your destination, then use back and forth your computers do the "driving" through the urban streets. When you arrive, simply dial P and your vehicle would disappear into the nearest parking facility. You get a break by dialing for it.

Much research has been done on automated drivers, but a basic obstacle, so far as I know, is making such a system legal.

Now all this is possible—and not necessarily expensive, considering the costs to individuals and society of the present inefficient transportation system. We know motor vehicles are the largest single cause of violent deaths, which is expensive to society and individuals (Rumsfeldt), the cost of transportation down 1 and with the burning and maiming of a vehicle. It includes building ever proliferating roads and highways, parking, hospital facilities, traffic facilities, complex stoplight and traffic sign systems, and so on. If it were possible to find out how much all the facilities and services made necessary by automobile transportation actually cost, then I suspect the ultimate expense of an automated system would look like a bargain. □

Within every man is an island.

Tucked away within us all is a quiet place we dream of. A thing of beauty, removed and free.

Prince Edward Island is like that.

Its shores are an endless flow of sun-drenched beaches, stretching on the west-meet-ocean waters north of Florida. You can roam to your heart's content, or find a spot of your own to bask in the sun.

Throughout, the island is a garden of meadows, a harmony of greens nurtured by clean, fresh air.

Aside from moments of quiet contemplation, the island can offer you an ample variety of things to do.

There's golfing, deep-sea fishing and the swift-paced excitement of an island race track.

Prince Edward Island also has some of the finest theatre in Canada, at Charlottetown's famous Confederation Centre.

This summer come to Prince Edward Island, and see a dream come true.

Prince Edward Island Canada

Please send me your free travel brochure and road map.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY PROVINCE

Mail to: The Director, Prince Edward Island Travel Bureau, Charlottetown, P.E.I., Canada.



Maclean's Vancouver Essay Contest Winners

Vancouver's schoolchildren are imaginative, intelligent, tough-minded and acutely conscious of the problems of pollution in a modern-day metropolis. That was the unanimous conclusion of Mitchell's panel of judges after mulling over 399 entries in the Vancouver essay contest. In fact, it was about the only unanimous conclusion of the judges, who found themselves badly split among the many excellent entries in both contest categories — for elementary school children and for high-school children. The winners of the two \$50 prizes

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL,
Karen Rondinivect,
328 Seaforth Crescent,
Coquitlam

HIGH SCHOOL.
Paul Baker.

5390 Winch Street,
Burnaby
Karen is a grade six student at
Montgomery Elementary and Paul is
in grade 10 at Kensington
Junior Secondary School.
Macleans is proud to print the
winning essays here. Karen's was
chosen for its thoughtfulness,
clarity and skilful organization,
while Paul's struck the judges as
the most imaginative — and
provocative — of all the essays
presented.

Very close in quality were several other entries cited by the judges for Honorable Mention.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL,
David Norris

1513 Grove Crescent,
Delta.

Tommy Dawson,
1079 Lodge Road,
North Vancouver

Alan Dunn,
4054 Ruby Avenue
North Vancouver.

Chuck Grossholz,
3285 St. Anne's Drive,
North Vancouver

Martin West,
5950 Clanton Street,
Burnaby

HIGH SCHOOL

Barbara Diggins,
3136 West 42nd Avenue,
Vancouver

John Whistler,
1139 Kenway Avenue
Coquitlam.

Kathy Oursen,
3993 West 10th Avenue,
Vancouver

John Martyn,
6707 Laburnum Street
Vancouver

Robert Carr,
945 15th Street
West Vancouver

The judges congratulate all of them, and all the other youngsters whose fine work made their job so difficult. □

'Vancouver should be for the people'

BY KAREN RONDESVEDT

ALTHOUGH I LIVE just outside Vancouver I feel that I am part of the city. I'm very proud of its beautiful scenery. I think that there are more things

I think that there are many things we can do to keep Vancouver livable. We should be able to see the mountains and the ocean. I think the high buildings that block our view should

We shouldn't have all the dumping of garbage and sewage in the waters in and surrounding our city. I think the Fraser River should be cleaned up so the people could be boating, fishing and swimming in crystal clear water.

We should eliminate the downtown crowds by separating the pedestrians from the vehicles. The shopping areas should be glassed in so we could see and hear the rain without getting wet. Skylights should be used in interior homes.

Vancouver should be for the people. We should have more trees and parks for our enjoyment. There should be more benches and places to sit down in the shopping areas as well as in the parks. There should be more swimming and skating facilities because it's already very crowded and is going to get worse. Also it would help if more recreation areas were developed and kept close to the city areas and easy to get to, for example, all areas.

The farms should be on flat, fertile land and houses should be put on the mountaintops and hillside.

We shouldn't allow so many trees to be cut down when houses are being built.

People should be able to walk

along the waterfront and watch ships and freighters loading and unloading. Some of the people should be able to live on the water in houseboats.

The people of Vancouver should be able to enjoy their city with these services. First of all, by sight, we should get rid of the buses and smog caused by automobiles, harbor mills and other industries. Secondly, with their hearing, so there should be control of noise pollution, for example, caused by the automobile. Thirdly, with our sense of smell, we should be able to smell the fresh, clean air and the sweet smell of flowers, not the smell of exhaust. I hope we can do some of these things before it's too late. □

A vision of the 'natural city'

BY PAUL BAKER

My idea of a natural city is one-story homes, artistically designed, on grounds with forests, lakes and grass. No parking machines are allowed.

Alberta vacation

WHERE GOING IN CIRCLES LETS YOU SEE MORE

[illegible]

Alberta's scenic circle route



It's high time someone got serious and practical about this country's most common health problem—weight control.

Here, Joan Fishbein tells about a new plan designed for you — just as a member of a group, but as an individual with specific needs and problems. The plan, co-developed by Chetelaine, has been developed for over a year by a team of nutritionists, physicians, and psychologists. It is so effective, if you follow instructions, Chetelaine can now assure you success, or money is refunded, in controlling your weight.

The Chetelaine Weight Control Plan will work whether you are overweight or overweight — whether you are overweight or underweight. It will tell you exactly what effect the foods you are now eating have on your weight, and how you can still enjoy them but lose or gain the weight you want so and then hold your ideal weight indefinitely.

Dear Reader,

Being thin and attractive is one major reason for a weight control plan. But I think, you'll agree, the most important is your health and well-being. This is especially true if you're a worker with a family to look after. They depend on you for guidance and to set the example. Maintaining your control weight is so basic and important to you and them, it's not surprising that constant adverse weight from the common cold just up to cancer problems such as heart disease. It seems essential to get serious and find practical solutions for this all too common health problem.

Why do people find it so difficult to control their weight?

To achieve success, it's necessary to understand why, despite thousands of advance reports, people are wrong. It boils down to four main things:

1) They find weight control easier to talk about than take action on. Several months ago, I was talking with a friend who told me she was starting a new diet next Monday. "Well, Monday comes and goes, but the diet didn't." When I bumped into her again she came on the following Wednesday she happened to be grabbing off a piece of apple pie and commented to me, "Well, I did tell you, Joan," she confessed, "I was planning to start my diet next Monday." So once people can't seem to give up planning and waiting for "next Monday."

2) Other people count calories to help, they forget that eating should be enjoyable and satisfying. This is really the heart of the problem. It is difficult to control your weight if you can't enjoy your food.

3) They try fat diets which leave them hanging in and on and the weight doesn't stay, the pounds are gone but they drop off, but do they stay off? Doctors are kinder with people who're actually lost a thousand pounds over their life in this way — gaining and losing fifty or twenty pounds at a time, but never achieve real weight control. This puts a very

heavy strain on the body both mentally and physically.

4) Many people say they're over-satisfied with you. You know the start "I'll cut out bread, potatoes and desserts. This'll be done!" But does it last? The trick is to realize it's essential to have mental support, practical advice, variation and professional guidance.

The way to success

My confidence in the Chetelaine Weight Control Plan is based heavily on the fact I find exactly such of the above problems, and offers solutions. We concentrate on making eating enjoyable. How? By designing the plan specifically for you based on information you supply about yourself. It takes into consideration the type of food you like, your daily activities, your social life, your physical characteristics, your food budget — in fact, everything that relates to your success in achieving a realistic and permanent weight gain. The great thing about your plan is that while it's completely personal, you don't have to isolate yourself from family and friends. Indeed, your friends don't have to have any say in it until you tell us, or the results show.

There's no major formula

Let me assure you, there's no need to buy anything special for your weight control plan. If there's any major reason, it's simply the magic of the modern day computer which assists in diagnosing your individual problem, following your progress, and making necessary adjustments to keep you on target. It's this sort of individual attention and weekly adjustment that make



the Chetelaine Plan unique. Start of going to your doctor for a weekly diet consultation, you can't get the individual attention anywhere. You'd have to get it just from a book. And, you don't have the embarrassment of going to a diet or the inconvenience of weekly meetings. The better during a personal affair — something you do with your doctor's approval and in the privacy of your own home.

On points, this is what you receive:

- 1) A statement designed specifically for you, based on information you supply in our basic questionnaire.
- 2) Weight report cards which we ask you to complete and return once a week.
- 3) An instruction book to help you with your weight control plan.
- 4) A copy of the Chetelaine Diet Cook Book.

Throughout your program, you'll be helped by a series of newsletters. They'll give you hints (both means and ends), questions and answers, diet hints from other members, new recipes, and so on to give you a better understanding of the nutrition and psychology involved, medical facts, exercise, and so on. And, of course, we'll be available with the guidance of the Fraser Canyon, Vancouver and Victoria based you.

"QUEEN OF PRINCE RUPERT" Year Round Salings

PRINCE RUPERT May 11 - Sept 30 Salings

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PRINCE RUPERT May 11 - Sept 30 Salings



sail north... then wheel into the exciting heart of British Columbia!

The MV Queen of Prince Rupert is an extension of British Columbia's fine highway system, bringing 330 miles of the fjord-line, coastal inside Passage. Board with your vehicle at either Prince Rupert or Ketchikan Bay on Vancouver Island to complete the Totem Circle tour. Enjoy state-of-the-art luxury line food, traditional movies, from 20 hours later arrive refreshed at your destination to continue your motoring adventure. Drive by the finest native totem poles along the Skeena River. Visit the Cariboo country with its lakes, ranches and gold-rush Barterville, then be awestruck with the grandeur of the Fraser Canyon. Vancouver and Victoria await you.

"QUEEN OF PRINCE RUPERT" Year Round Salings

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and any attention or idea which threatens nature is left alone. But even as coming up the ground and tall buildings are not blocking out the sun.

Such home has a connection with the control computer, underground, that contains radio and sound tapes for entertainment, education, research etc. The computer is also part of the telephone exchange, being connected with a microwave tower in an underground post. All communication is done by microwave so as not to have wires strung in the sky.

Transportation is one of the major problems in Vancouver today because of its inefficiency and pollution. The use of Vancouver's public transportation is free and underground so as to leave the surface clear of power lines and other obstructions which take away from the natural beauty of the land. This "underground" is a sub-surface rail and is electrically powered, either with tracks and power lines or possibly with storage batteries. It is for fast travel at about 60 mph. For personal freedom would transportation be a small personal car, a car with a top speed of 15 mph. It is electrically run with storage batteries. This does away with the necessity of gasoline roads which are duplicated by parking lots. The highway does not necessarily have to follow roads if they just take care of other people's property and watch out for people walking. Police, fire, emergency, ambulances, etc. are either a higher speed car or a small car, a helicopter or a plane. They are run electrically with storage batteries or, if necessary, to prevent air pollution.

There is a controlled shopping area with at least one connection with the underground.

Industry is another pollutant, not only with smog and wastes into the air and water but with noise pollution. In the ideal Vancouver, all the industries are run electrically, noise-proofed, and operated remotely from above.

Power, so far, has been the key point. Electricity is the most versatile and polyfunctional power source. The most useful way to produce power and the dams are themselves a threat to nature. Solar energy is the answer at the far future and astronomical plants in the near future.

The plans I have listed for Vancouver could easily be adapted to any city in the world, thus solving the worldwide problem of the destruction of nature. The world would become a better place to live in, both physically and mentally and so, knowing all the constraints and obstacles into one "Earth-Nation." □

If you don't do it, it won't get done.

Do you know what you can do to help solve the problems that are undermining your community? Problems like the pollution of the young, the frustration, fear and misery that about out at you from the front page of the paper every day?

You can reverse the excellent tradition which says when you're not satisfied with what's going on, you go and do something about it yourself.

You can get involved. You can pick one of your United Appeal agencies. You can dig into what they're doing, learn about the new problem-solving methods they're using. You can find out their new programs to solve new problems.

Then you can do more. You can pledge more than you've ever pledged before. Or you can give more than money. You can give you. You can volunteer to work in your community campaign.

Either way, if you don't do it, it won't get done.

CHATELAINE WEIGHT CONTROL PLAN 12 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ontario.

Please send me full information on the Chetelaine Weight Control Plan. I understand there is no obligation. I enclose 25 cents to cover the cost of handling.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
PROVINCE _____

APT _____
POSTAL ZONE _____

Let your Heart Go—World Wide!

IT HURTS TO BE ABANDONED

Little Lin Sue had been wandering all day through the streets of Taipei, Formosa, looking for her mother.

She was cold, hungry and frightened, and it was almost dark.

Her staff-sleeved jacket had been hanging against the rough wall. Lin Sue looked up and asked, "Please, help me find my mother."

"Was Lin Sue abandoned? I don't let her parents even still sleep. We will probably never know."

And she is only one of thousands—children who look to us for love and care. Since 1952 North American families have been sponsoring such children, sharing their kindness with youngsters around the world.

For only \$12 a month, you too can help a child like Lin Sue. You will receive a photograph, personalized letters and the opportunity to write letters.

Your child will know who you are, and will answer your correspondence. You can send a special gift at Christmas or find a birthday. You will find that having a buddy child this way is an infinite, personal experience.

Little Lin Sue and children like her need your love. So won't you help? Today? Thank you.

Some areas of interest send 25¢: India, Ceylon, Hong Kong, Taiwan, the Middle East, Africa, Brazil, Mexico or let us choose a youngster from our emergency list.

Receipts for Income Tax are Issued Promptly

—CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND OF CANADA—
1497 YONGE STREET, TORONTO 7, CANADA

I wish to "sponsor" a boy ☐ girl ☐ for the year of _____
(Name Complete)
I will pay \$12 a month (\$144 a year)
(Include a payment of \$1000 for the year)
I want "interest" a child but wish to help to pay it
☐ Please send me more information
Name _____
Address _____
Phone _____



MM-4-75

CHEZ US: No news is good news

A Victoria case will appear today in Victoria Provincial Court on a number of criminal charges laid in connection with a recent accident in Victoria. Police said the case was arrested Thursday in Vancouver and brought to this city by two Victoria detectives. The officials declined to identify the men or the accident and give no details regarding the charges. (VICTORIA DAILY COLONIST, Victoria, B.C.)

It seems to be an early season for lambs, for in many fields small lambs are playing stampede games, and have been seen for some weeks now. (QUEL ISLAND GAZETTE, QUEL, B.C., July 25)



WITH RAINSTAYING steadily each year Spadina's Municipal Council can automatically decide there must be persons whose their support are unlikely to be needed. The men are known as fence viewers — called to men where their there is a dispute between men, but over a fence. (VICTORIA NEWS, Victoria, B.C., July 24)

THE MANITOBA Winter Carnival, scheduled for Saturday, was postponed due to heavy rain. (EVENING JOURNALIST, Oak, Ont., July 1)

BARBARA UNIVERSITY student Greg, on Servant was thanked there times by his superior, Trevor, Andrew, for "beautiful" performances in the Halifax Music Festival. In class 12 and 18, in which he was the only one performing, Mr. Andrew said, "Thank you for your lovely singing. You have complete knowledge of what you are singing about!" (MEXICO, Halifax, July 2)

Reading is included in just in any an... (text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

Everything you always wanted to know about MANITOBA*

*but never dared ask.

Who better to ask than a Manitoban, and we've a million friendly Manitobans—one of whom will take the time to write you a personal reply answering any or all of your questions about Manitoba. And they'll go even further. They'll forward free information pamphlets and descriptive brochures as you plan your vacation—to assure that you get every moment's value in satisfaction when you visit Manitoba. You may even want to look up your pen pal and say 'hello' when you arrive.

Ask us about the lakes. Fresh air. Open spaces. Big city action or rural relaxation.

Manitoba's got it all. Plus a million of the friendliest people you could ever hope to meet.

Send the coupon with your questions. Otherwise, we'll never get to know you another.

Manitoba

the friendly Province



Write to:
Vacation Planning Service,
Manitoba Government Travel
Room 1209, Norway Bldg.,
Winnipeg 1, Manitoba

Name _____
Address _____
Province _____

1209



Something in this picture dates the whole house.
Can you spot it?



No, it isn't the furniture. Nor the decor. It's the electrical outlet with a cluster of wires and plugs.

Congested outlets, extension cords and blown fuses all point to inadequate wiring. And in an older house this inconvenience is really not surprising, when you think of the number of ways we have come to rely on electricity. Rewiring is the simple, safety-minded step that will bring your house up to date. It takes very little time, but the benefits last a lifetime. You'll notice the improvement is added convenience immediately. More outlets and outlets where you really need them—and better performance from your appliances.

Up-to-date wiring makes so much more possible.

Besides offering greater convenience and safety, electrical modernization opens all kinds of possibilities to help you enjoy your home to the full. From imaginative contemporary lighting to the new-found comfort of year-round climate control.

The cost of rewiring will probably be less than you expected. And the Hydro-Finestate Plan makes it easy to get started. You can get more information about electrical modernization from any qualified electrical contractor. Or ask your hydro



8 excellent reasons why you should have a Shell Credit Card

Below are some of the many uses that make a Shell Credit Card the most useful oil company card ever.

1. You can charge off Shell products—Super Shell, the good mileage gasoline, Shell Ultra, the No-lead gasoline, and Shell Super Multi-grade Motor Oil.

2. You can charge at all Shell stations in Canada and all Shell and Cosoco stations in the U.S. There are over 6,500 in Canada, and over 25,000 Shell and Cosoco stations in the U.S.

3. You can use the Shell Deferred Payment Plan on tires, batteries, accessories, and repairs.

4. Use your Shell Credit Card throughout Canada at all Sheraton, Master Inns, Travelodge, Skyline, Seaway, Wandlyn and Best

Western hotels, motels and motor inns, and at Hertz, Avis and Tilden Rent-a-Car systems.

5. In the U.S.A., you can use your Shell Credit Card at all Sheraton, Master Inns, and Travelodge, Rodeway Inns, hotels, motels and motor inns, and at Hertz Rent-a-Car systems.

6. You can use your Shell Credit Card for all Shell Marine and Aviation products.

7. You can purchase "Best Buy" merchandise at low prices, offered periodically to Shell Credit Card holders.

8. You receive a simple monthly

statement with invoices—easy to check and helpful for income tax purposes.

Forget the most out of a Shell Credit Card. There are just some of the many benefits you'll enjoy as a Shell Credit Card holder. Take advantage of them. Fill out and mail the application form today to Shell Canada Limited, 75 Wynford Dr., Don Mills, Ontario. Attention: Customer Accounts Department.





There have been many unsuccessful attempts to copy this great Cracking Rosé. Canada's largest seller!



JORDAN WINES

Buy some today for tonight.

Presenting The Maclean's NHL All-Star Team

BY JOHN MACFARLANE

WILSON WINNERS of Maclean's, Saskatchewan, lifted out his all-star ballot as follows: Pierre Trudeau at centre, Tommy Douglas at left wing, Robert Stanfield at right wing, Stanley Kunitz and David Lewis on defense, and as goal that old political red mender from Prince Albert, John Diefenbaker. But none of those players is listed in the National Hockey League Guide. Clearly Wilfred Dwyer is thinking of some other league.

It's the National Hockey League we're interested in here. That's the one in which Bobby Orr came a long (when he's not making commercials), as do Brad Park, Bobby Hull, Phil Esposito, Ken Hodge and Ed Giacomin, to name only a few of the players selected by 42 sports writers who cover NHL hockey to play in the east-west all-star game in February. As a matter of fact, these six players happen to be good bets to make the NHL all-star team that the same 42 sports writers will choose at the end of the season.

That's how the Maclean's NHL All-Star Team got started, remember? In January we decided that the sports writers who cover hockey, talented though they may be, are not in every case any more expert in their judgments about the game and the players than some of us here—why, necessarily, shouldn't we call it? So Maclean's published a ballot and needed any of you

who shared those robust sentiments to send us your own all-star nominations from which we would elect our own all-star team. You did and we have — and here is the team you chose.

The first all-star team: Phil Esposito at centre, Bobby Hull at left wing, Gordie Howe at right wing, Bobby Orr and Brad Park at defense, Jacques Plante as goal. The second all-star team: Dave Krusek at centre, Johnny Bolyuk at left wing, Johnny MacKinnon at right wing, J. C. Tremblay and Pat Hughes at defense, Terry Sawchenko as goal. Bobby Orr was voted the most valuable player (with Phil Esposito second). Dave Krusek was voted the most sportsmanlike player (with no one even close). Gil Perreault was voted rookie of the year (with Dale Tallen second). And Hal Laycoe was voted coach of the year (with Johnny Holmstrom second).

There they are, the people's choice. To the players that made it, our congratulations. To those who didn't — well, judging from the hundreds of all-star ballots we received from every province (and the Northwest Territories, too) there isn't a player in the NHL who doesn't have a fan somewhere. Sawchenko even voted for a bruising but little-known defenseman named Rob Brown, and one of the teams in the league apparently has a shilly coach named Johnny MacKinnon. Johnny MacKinnon? He got a write, anyway. ☐



PHIL ESPOSITO, centre



BOBBY HULL, left wing



GORDIE HOWE, right wing



BOBBY ORR, defence



BRAD PARK, defence



JACQUES PLANTE, goal

Take a good look around



Students can do all kinds of jobs for you.

Hire a student this summer.

Contact your nearest Canada Manpower Centre or special Student Placement Office



**Canada
Manpower
Centre**

Manpower and Immigration
Crisis & Long Mission

**Centre de
Main-d'œuvre
du Canada**

Main-d'œuvre et Immigration
Crisis & Long Mission

FILMS

Trash today, M*A*S*H tomorrow — Canada's emerging movie biz

BY JOHN HOFFESS



Love is a sucker word: A coming-of-age of love

"Mystery succumbed to *Wish-our-a-Ranch!*" declared a full-page advertisement in the show business weekly *Examiner*, as Jack Herne Enterprises of Los Angeles launched an extensive campaign for a new sex film, *My Secret Life*. "Divorced, every stationer discharged as the erotic best seller comes to the screen!" Impassioned as that sounds, for *My Secret Life* is a Vancouverian Victorian romance totaling 2,100 pages, the same implausible surprise is that *My Secret Life* is a Canadian film. And it's going the biggest promotional spang for a "Vice Risk" movie. Herne introduced the Danish script *Without a Father* to North American audiences and est-

red over one million dollars. In Canada the film is known as *Colubina Of Sex*, a \$5,000, 16-mm film produced in 1969 by 24-year-old Ivan Remick, and 22-year-old Don Goldberg, then students at McMaster University. Since 1 was the winter director of the film, it may seem self-congratulatory to mention its debut as a 35-mm commercial feature — but I haven't had any contact with it since it was made and I didn't participate in its \$25,000 sale following the sale of Remick and Goldberg to Detoura owns on obscenity. Translated into *My Secret Life* (with 35% new footage) — the American distributor regarded the original "wholeness" of

and as "two faces" to succeed in modern film quarters the film now has bookings in all major American cities beginning this month in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. Jack Herne confidently predicts that *My Secret Life* will surpass (as unadmitted but telling expression) every Canadian film released in the United States to date, but it's been an example of "flow to succeed in Show Business Without Really Trying" over since police understood to be its gross sums. (My own consolation prize is a witty vignette from *Woman's Film* critic Susan Wolf "Eagerly awaiting America's discovery of Colubina.")

My Secret Life is a special case (with consultants and encouragement during the shoot), but in the past year Canadian films of all types have increased their share of profits and audience. *Two Good Men*, King's *A Married Couple* is one of the 10 best films of 1970. New York critic Judith Crist named Don Rubin's *Good, Beautiful, and True* as one of the top films of the year. *Paul Almond's Air Of The Heart* was selected as best film by the Los Angeles *Post*. *Examiner*, *Newsweek*, *McLaren's* *Fun de Quin* collected 11 awards at international film festivals. The Canadian film industry experienced phenomenal growth in 1970 (five feature films were entered in the 1969 Canadian Film Awards, 14 in 1970) but its success was greater abroad than at home. In Montreal, *Good, Beautiful, and True* was given an absolutely short run, but in Boston it received nine reviews and earned over \$40,000 in its opening weeks. *Act Of The Heart*, a modest success in Canada, ran five weeks in Philadelphia, eight weeks in New York and is projected to show a tidy profit by its American distributor.

The boom in Canadian film belongs mostly to B movies. John Turturro's *House* and *Heart Fave* lacked the originality, among other unappealing characteristics, that mark a successful release in theaters but possessed the shrewd "wholeness" of

television fodder — the often-film material that separates the commercials. *My Secret Life* with its cast of Sandy Dennis, Stuart Whitman and Barbra Streisand has been used in an ABC *Movie Of The Week*. Its most notable quality was the Canadian *Rekord*, but a "movie of the week" is meant to be consumed quickly and forgotten. *My Secret Life*, starring Don Scardino and Tim Farrow, is a story that combined Viet Nam war protest, rock music, and generation-gap clichés, was marketed by *Examiner* magazine as "movie of the month" (which doesn't mean it was four times better than *My Secret Life*). It too will show up early on the TV movie circuit.

Canpas, a Montreal firm that specializes in B movies, but has developed an increasing sensitivity about its products (withholding *Love In A Lonely World* from the 1970 Canadian Film Awards, possibly contradicting it wouldn't be taken seriously by the judges), has had a steady stream of popular successes — *Valerie*, *L'Inconnu*, *Naude* and *Two Quebec* actresses, especially, love the west-high culture that Canpas produces and a number of the company's films have grossed one million dollars or more. But the element that Canpas has come to marketing a good movie is *Giles Carle*, a director of a mixture of Algonquin Indian social problems, James Bond malfeasance and *James Bond* malfeasance, and Canpas's obligatory exposure of housewives (the company). For 1971 they are releasing *Two Rivers In A Day*. The working title, with Hollywood star Dennis Quaid, was *Swing as you like* but has been changed to *Swing as you like*.

The one casualty in Canadian film last year was *Michael Scott's The Last Air Of Morning*. *Waste*, *Mind Is Colubina*, depicting a man's complicated attempt to come to terms through the use of electronic equipment — a female allegory of the film itself. It suffered each aspect when it opened in Toronto that its producers were afflicted with the same problem \$300,000. The film's problems was that it was no

unforgivable anachronism, a throwback to the days of such NWB features as *The Goodbye* and *The Wonderful World of Leonard*? when "scholarly competence" and "unusually boring" were the two most appropriate phrases when reviewing Canadian films.

Our films have changed. They've become more sophisticated, thought-provoking and daring. These new releases reflect the change. *The Crowded Friends* written and directed by Al Waxman, is a drama of continued living among four young people who, like the quartet of Jews and friends in D. H. Lawrence's *Women in Love*, seek to establish a relationship beyond marriage. *Foxy Lady* is a \$250,000 comedy by Ivan Reitman, starring Alan Gendron and Nicole Miller, who made the boys shriek in *Gate*. Down *The Road Out Of Touch* is a documentary by psychologist Paul Budenz of 18 Canadians in a group-exercise marriage. Divested of their clothes and habitual roles the participants reveal themselves as vulnerable human beings. *Out Of Touch* may disturb and shock some people, for in such experiments of cinema *what there is* is no valid concept of obscenity; there is only the truth of human sexuality, loneliness, desire, fear and confusion.

Clearly, Canadian films are moving out of the museum, art galleries and film societies and into the mainstream of Canadian life. We argue at least three points, presently at issue, which means they are touching as it says just three never did. It is no longer necessary for a Sidney Fox (*The Jitters*), Eric Foner (*Paul and the Mills*) or a Norman Jewison (*The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming*), to be afraid to make films. Eric Foner, who as a temporary replacement made *Hot Millions* with Maggie Smith and Peter Onorati, has returned to Canada to film *A Fox's Nose* with a budget of \$600,000. Gendron, 34, is a p.d., but known for his collaboration with Richard Beluchon in producing the documentary

about High Hefner, *The Men*, in 1962, a summing of \$300,000 feature, *Eliza's Revenge*, with Oscar-winning Lila Kedrova.

In presenting the further state of Canadian talent to other countries the Canadian Film Development Corporation is one of the toughest best bargains, for with Canadian film production at a record level the chances of seeing good films, even great ones, are increasing. The CFC's assistance policy might be called "look today, M.P.E.P. tomorrow," for it is founded in the hope that the progeny of *Valerie and Hester* will be more distinguished than its parents. It's a theory that relies faith in child-rearing practice, its results for a fledgling industry remain to be seen. With the Vancouver-made *Expulsion*, and *Flick* (a Toronto film received Dr. Frankenstein *On Campus* in the US) we have proved that in the production of look-up are no longer dependent upon American imports—a coming-of-age of sorts. In the meantime, it is mainly the jaded and the pretent at such film festivals in Cannes and Oberhausen who whisper: "Look... The Canadians are coming." □

LOOK FOR FILMS

NEW *The Andromeda Strain*. A first-rate psychological thriller, the best science-fiction film in years since *A Space Odyssey*. There are no monsters or mad scientists, simply human fear and folly wound up in a plot of fast response and ticking like a time bomb. Directed by Robert Wise (*West Side Story*). *The Sound Of Music* tells the tale on film more charitably than Michael Crichton did in his best-selling novel. His most inspired innovation is casting Canadian actress Kate Reid as Dr. Larson (Peter Lenzke in the novel). She virtually steals the show with a characterisation that appears to be modelled upon Lady Lohndorf—a woman who could look outer-space horrors in the eye and disarm it with a wistful look. □

BOOKS

Canadian intellectuals? Well, besides McLuhan there's Northrop Frye

BY ROBERT WEAVER



Frye, noted in Canada but writing for an international public

As one whose Marshall McLuhan, the Canadian who is best known among intellectuals abroad as Northrop Frye. Frye has the less public reputation because it is founded on such theoretical works of literary criticism as *Portrait of a Syncretist: A Study Of William Blake and Alexander Pope*, while McLuhan has taken on his field the whole revolution as the mass media in the 20th century.

Northrop Frye lives quietly in Toronto where he is a professor at the University of Toronto. He is also professor-at-large at Cornell University in Ithaca, New York. And, ironically, Frye—and not McLuhan—is a part-time member of the Canadian Radio-Television Commission, the body that regulates radio and television stations in this country.

Northrop Frye has just published a new book, *The Book of Genesis*, a collection of "essays on the Canadian imagination," gathers together various pieces he's written about Canadian writers and nations during the past 25 years. Much of the book consists

of the usual poetry reviews that Frye contributed to the University of Toronto *Quarterly* during the 1930s, there are tributes to E. J. Pratt, who was Frye's teacher and later his colleague at Victoria College in Toronto, and to poetries David Milne and Lawrence Harris, there is the first of his many essays that Frye contributed to *A Literary History Of Canada* in the mid-1960s, and there is a preface, which is worth at least the price of admission, in which Frye describes the book as "an appendix to a writing career which has been mainly concerned with world literature and has addressed an international reading public, and yet has always been rooted in Canada and has drawn its essential characteristics from there."

Northrop Frye's own background seems so Canadian it's hard to associate it with the image of the learned intellectual figure whose concern is patterns and myths in world literature. He was born in Scarborough and grew up in Toronto. In the mid-Thirties he was ordained as a minister in the United Church



For people with a taste for something better



He once said that he missed all the traditional poetry of the province to the capital (from the Maritimes to Vancouver Canada) because he was a champion flyer. For a number of years he served as editor (again) of *The Canadian Forum*. Frye continues in his practice that the Forum's "good-enough hospitality" has helped so many Canadians to learn to write. On Frye's taste in his editor I was told that Frye was grateful for the Forum's hospitality.

There are excellent hints in Frye's writings that suggest to us a sympathy with traditional Canadian reduction of a pre-NDP, CCF variety. It's Canadian enough to make a couple feel that a lot of recognition, and yet in this information, mostly lauded Frye with George Grant and Marshall McLuhan as "critics concerned by totalitarianism"—that is, allusions to the United States. Frye might almost have been replying to that kind of generalization when he wrote in the preface to *The Bush Garden* "The essence between (the) political street of unity and the imaginative sense of locality is the essence of whatever the word 'Canadian' means. Once the tension is gone up, and the two elements of unity and identity are confused or misaligned to each other, we get the two endemic diseases of Canadian life—the empty patterns of Canadian conformism—the kind of

provincial isolation which is now called separatism."

Frye's old poetry reviews, written for the *U of T Quarterly*, supplement *Letters in Canada*, might have been expected to be by now either dated or irrelevant, but that's certainly not the case. They are still relevant, partly because Frye is such a good critic and partly because his reviews embraced such a wide range of poetry that, perhaps especially in retrospect, they provide a fascinating view of the process through which a literature develops.

There are notes about early books by Al Purdy and Alden Nowlan, who developed into important poets after Frye's period of reviewing for *Letters in Canada* was ended. There are notices of such fringe writers as the comic and socialist poet J. S. Wallace and the author of popular newspaper verse, Edna Jackson. Frye discusses poets with whom he had an unforgotten sympathy—E. J. Pratt, James Keating, Ivy Machuga—so—and then surprises with another kind of sympathetic response to Raymond Southee.

But most interesting of all the *Letters in Canada* reviews are those in which Frye wrestles with the most recent book(s) by living English poets. Some of his opinions are at least bordering "a gentle, matter-of-factly and rather friendly and poet" (1951), "a poet whose common and creative minds are at odds, and the former has concealed the fact that he is not only a serious poet but an unusually gifted one" (1954), "not a talent at all, but an endemic elegiac poet" (also 1954). Later, for his part, published in 1952, a neo-epic-dramatic poem which took note of the entire "But also Mr. Bokchevsky/Purdy/Was here to pay! Among old bones/And stony stones. What greater tribute could a critic wish!"

Northrop Frye in his Canadian criticism has concentrated on the poets, but in the essay of introduction he contributed to *A Literary History of Canada* he dealt as well with our novels and historians and the whole fabric of

Canadian society. This essay is a sweeping piece of work, as well written, as well informed, and as broad in its sympathies and sympathies. Reading it one wishes that Northrop Frye had undertaken a full-scale, formal study of Canadian literature and society. On the other hand, the *Letters in Canada* are so well selected in *The Bush Garden* have the advantage of not being too formal, so that we can respond to the immediate perceptions of a vibrant and immensely critical mind.

In any case, the compilation of our major critic publishing with a small firm such as the House of Anansi, which is steadily concerned with taking notes on the kind of young writers Northrop Frye was reviewing in *Letters in Canada* in the 1950s, is a welcome and a better way more open literary society than perhaps we really are. *The Bush Garden: Essays On The Canadian Imagination, by Northrop Frye, House of Anansi \$7.50.*

LOOK FOR BOOKS

White Niggers On The Loose, by PETER VULCAN, translated by Jean Pothuizen, McClelland & Stewart, \$7.50. An autobiography is personal and political terms by one of the leaders of the FLQ. It was written while its author was in prison, and of course his legal situation is again in doubt. Whatever its qualities as a literary work or political manifesto, its significance as a symbol of the disillusioned in French Canada is enormous. □

Return Of The Splinter, by Hugh MacLennan, Macmillan, Laurence Lebeaux, \$1.95 paper. When this novel about contemporary Quebec was first published in 1967 it received mixed reviews, but even then the book was barely because it showed how an English-Canadian writer with historical intelligence and good will responded to the growing crisis in French Canada. Its documentary significance is even greater today. □

CONTEST

Readers of Contest No. 60

Readers were invited to contribute names as television shows to produce strong new titles. Everyone thought of *The Cold One*, a new CBC TV series about "Bosnian doctors," and there were nearly as many suggestions for *The Perverse Sun*, a TV series combining satirical production with the adventures of an old English family. We received a number of suggestions for shows entitled *Moody Night in Canada*, *My Three Sons*, *I Love Lovers* and *The Old Spool*. The best names concerned or came from women. Mrs. D. S. S. of Hamilton, Quebec, offered *Master Knows Best*, a program to look forward to when women's television networks the American television networks. She receives \$10, as do each of the following:

- *The Broad Squad*, a series about a trio of women cops (Mrs. T. J. Goss, Dorval, Quebec).
- *Days of a Bad Hour*, a film about sex in the suburbs (Marilyn MacKenzie, Dorval).
- *Entwined*, a series about two couples who, as they, swing (Mrs. J. Reid, Scarborough, Ontario).
- *The Perverse Sun*, television analysis for the kids (Jane Johnson, Greenbrook, B.C.).
- *The Friendly Inn*, a special-interest TV special of lady doctors in the effects of marijuana (Mrs. G. McDonald, Hawkesbury, N.S.).
- *Room 282*, a series about a school with more than the usual headaches (R. MacDonald, Dorval, N.S.).
- *It Takes A Lady*, a series about a high-fangled hockey player (Carl Edwards, St. Catharines, Ont.).
- *The Solid One*, a special about American Ownership of the Canadian economy (John Mallon, St. John's, Newfoundland).
- *Dewdney's Secret*, a film starring Lester Maddox as a Shalom Sister (Richard Stacey, Chicago) □



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